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English Reprints

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George Gervase

The Steele Gyase

1576.

Large Paper Edition

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# English Reprints.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verfe.

1575.

2. The Steele Glas.

[Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.]  
April 1576.

3. The Complaynt of Philomene.

[Commenced Apr. 1562. Continued in Apr. 1575. Finished 3 Apr. 1576.]  
April 1576.

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S

A Remembrance of the well employed Life, and

of George Gascoigne Esquire, &c

LECTURER IN ENGLISH SPEAKING, &c.,  
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

SOUTHGATE, LONDON, N.

18 November, 1868.

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# CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Wheatstone's *Remembrance*, at pp. 15-30)  
of

some of the principal events  
in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES  
of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,  
Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

\* Probable or approximate dates.

Youth.

\* 1535-37.

1509, Apr. 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, p. 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I staid in westmerland.' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

At Cambridge

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.

He goes to Cambridge. 'Such lattyne as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [see 1576]

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme  
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,  
(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,  
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p. 77.

1553. July 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.

*Harl. M.S. 1912*, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. Jolin in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol. 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; fol. 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'

A member of Gray's Inn.

1555.

George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. *Harl. MS. 1912, fol. 33.*

1557. May 24.

Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoigne,' *Idem, fol. 204.*

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' p. 42. 'Disinherited,' p. 17.

1562. Apr.

Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmsford and London, and being overtaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *De profundis* which is placed amongst my other *Leuesies*, letting the complaint of *Philomene* unfinished.' pp. 89, 110. In *The introduction to the Psalme of De profundis* which

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, oreast with misty clowdes,  
When (as I rode alone by London waye,  
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :

Why doe not I my very muses frame  
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)  
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Harl. M.S.* 1912, is the following.

1555 Mr. Barking, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho  
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton being called  
1563 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respective  
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-  
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, fol. 238.

1565.

Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshipe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vpon fiue sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarsh who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna inuat*. . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsh, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*. . . . John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vctigal parcimonia*. . . . Alexander Neulle deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seven Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therewith his *Vix bene*. . . . Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame *Durum animum et miserabile animum*. . . . And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Poetes*, 1575.

1575. Apr. 26.

Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Government*. A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576. 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 7.

1566.

Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.  
(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 6.  
(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phenissæ* of Euripides—the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage. *Collier, Idem.* p. 8. Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v.; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epilogue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford M.S.*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton*.

Nevly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teach  
ing in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece  
London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently  
Gascoigne's first published verse,

*George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.*

The pearle of price, which englishmen haue sought  
So farre abroad, and cost them there so dere  
Is now founde out, within our contrey here  
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought  
I meane the frenche: that pearle of pleasant speeche  
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues  
With sicknesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues  
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.  
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in dede)  
Hath tane such payne, for cuerle english ease  
That here at home, we may this language learne:  
And for the price, he craueth no more neede  
But thankful harts, to whome his perles msy please  
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne  
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

Marries.

Goes a journey into the West of England.

*Gascoigne's Woodmanship* Written to the L. Grey of  
Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting  
(amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his  
winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did  
furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Perfi-*  
*ciensis* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said  
exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master  
Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any  
deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as  
though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble  
Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in re-  
membrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse  
in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse  
it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sun-*  
*drie Flourres bound up in one small Poetrie*: respecting  
which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares  
past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vwith the ver-  
tuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies  
were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or  
of anye other, one grote or pennie for the first Copies of  
these Posies. True it is that I vvas not vnwillinge the same  
shoulde be imprinted:" for which he assigns four reasons.  
*1st Pref. to 'Posies,' 1575.*

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem  
entitled *The fruites of Warre*, begun at *Delfe* in *Hol-*  
*lande*, Gascoigne says, "I am of opinion that long before  
this time your honour hath thoroughly perused the booke,  
which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before  
my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise  
coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to  
to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was  
therefore prepared and anonymously published by its  
author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes  
supposed.

O. G. G[ilchrist] in *Cens. Lit.* i. 110—112. Ed. 1805, has  
gleaned from his works, the following account of Gas-  
coigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,*  
they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb.

He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of Ianuarie' 1574-5: 2nd Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I have here presented you

- with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures, Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some *Floures*, because being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them *Floures*. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named *Herbes*. The third, being *Weedes*, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third, *To the Reader*. "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures* to comfort, *Herbes* to cure, and *Weedes* to be auoyded. So haue I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."
1575. April Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas*: and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene*, pp. 86, 119.
1575. *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* is published 'The Translator (George Turberville) to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575. After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie*. This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.  
In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.
1575. July 9-27. Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princely pleasures, at the Court at Kenilworth*; and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.
- Sept. 11. The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.
1576. Jan. 1. He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke*. This is now in the British Museum. *MS. Reg. 18. A. xlviii, p. 27*. The frontispice is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p: after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye': 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp: Latin, 15 pp: Italian 15 pp: French 13 pp: concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 p.  
In his address at fol. 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Italyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyne as I forgott att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stalle in westmerland, even such and no better [my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,] &c.'
1576. Apr. 3. He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene*. p. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.
1575. Apr. 12. In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial exploitte, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia*'. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*" Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this *Letter* to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:  
You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (as well for that he himselfe had

Leading a literary life.

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same: there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii. yeares now past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers then greedie of glorie by hasty publication.

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Limehouse*, and becing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spent his time in this lysterling vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne: And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboisier* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfrees* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seeming to doubt that thereby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therewithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables of Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford. 1528—d. 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this traouayle in weake plight for health as your good L. well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongst some bookes which he'd not often felte my fyngers endes in. xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume skarce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a trunth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Characters, and so torne as it nyther had the beginning perspycuons, nor the end perfect. So that I can't certaynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And there-vpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcellis of the same. The whiche . . . I haue thought meete to entytile *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought

? In the Queen's service.



good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humane conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatur thereof with sicknesse. So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouerseer the same." *Printer to the Reader.*

1575. Aug. 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthed Droonkards.*

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS. 18 A. lvi. p. 275.* '*The Grief of Ioy.* Certaine Elegies: wherein the doubtfull delightes of mannes lyfe are displaid.' It is on 38 folios, 4to: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Methode and Invention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vtiusque fortune*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Elegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woorkes, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songes) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your fauorable acceptauns (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vnderseued fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtfull greues and greuous doubtles, do often accompany oure greatest ioyes.

Howsoever it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeares gyfte. . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and cuer. Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the *l'enuoie*; then the four Songs. (1) *The greues or discommodities of lustie youth*; (2) *The vanities of Beautie*; (3) *The faults of force and Strength*; (4) *The vanities of Activities*; which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

77. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembrance.*

O. Gilchrist, in *Cens. Lit. ii.* 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo. Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains: and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I have endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found."—*Ath. Oxon.* ii. 437. Ed. 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.

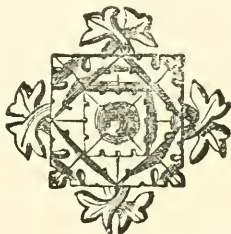
1. WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly. *Ed.* 1815, p. 34.

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meter and for a plentifull vayne.' *Book i. p.* 51.

3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1599, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master Gascoigne is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure: whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully and *Græcæ cum Latinis*





# THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

## INTRODUCTION.



ONE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers; towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death: a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London : wherein

as I rode by London waye,

Cloakleffe, vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine,' and well foused in this showre.

he changed the subject of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preserved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of instruction &c.*, must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Poesies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having just seen through the press, the corrected edition of his *Poesies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes': and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures*: and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his house in *Limehouse*,' and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and 'the *Tables of Ortelius* and sundrie other *Cosmographical Mappes* and *Charts*.' So the two poems progress together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April showers': Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There resounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,

When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,

When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And westerne windes, do foster forth our floures,  
 Late in an euen, I walked out alone,  
 To heare the descant of the Nightingale,  
 And as I stode, I heard hir make great moane,  
 Waymenting much p. 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gascoigne has a serious purpose. As Whetstone reports.

(laboring still, by paines, to purchase praise)  
 I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see :  
 Within his minde ; what canckred vices be. p. 19.

It was a first experiment in English satire ; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abfalom and Achitophel* : it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and justice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed :

That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,  
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,  
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,  
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.  
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde  
 The cristal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright,  
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,  
 Beguylde with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,  
 So that they seeme, and couet not to be. p. 54.

I haue presumde, my Lord for to present  
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,  
 And came to me, by wil and testament  
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.  
*Lucylius*, this worthy man was namde,  
 Who at his death, bequeathd the cristal glasse,  
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,  
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,  
 How foule or sayre, foeuer that they are,  
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,  
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,  
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.  
 And since myfelfe (now pride of youth is past)  
 Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,  
 Since I desire, to see my felfe in deed,  
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,  
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele. pp. 55, 56.

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# *A REMEMBRAVNCE*

of the wel imploied life, and godly end, of  
*George Gascoigne Esquire, who*  
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-  
colne Shire the 7. of October.

1577.

*The reporte of Geor. Whetstons*  
Gent. an eye witnes of his  
Godly and charitable  
end in this world.

*Formæ nulla Fides.*

## *IMPRINTED AT LON*

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling  
in Paules Churchyard and  
are there to be solde.



*The wel imployed life, and godly end of  
G. Gascoigne, Esq.*



And is there none, wil help to tel my tale !  
who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints haue shone?  
feeles all men joy? can no man skil of bale?  
o yes I fee, a comfort in my mone.  
Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch  
fome man for thee, may one day doo as much.

Thou seeft my death, and long my life didst knowe,  
my life : nay death, to liue I now begin :  
But fome wil fay. *Durus est hic sermo*,  
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on fin.  
Yet trust me frends (though flesh doth hardly bow)  
I am resolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall enfue,  
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte :  
Whose tale attend, for once the fame is true,  
Yea *Whet thou* thou, hast knowen my hidden hart  
And therefore I coniure thee to defend :  
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

First of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,  
I leue mine armes, my acts shall blafe the fame  
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,  
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.  
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great  
my father did, his forward sonne defeat.

He was  
Sir Iohn  
G. sonne  
and Heire  
Disinheri-  
ted.

This froward deed, could scarce my hart difmay,  
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:  
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,  
 Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.  
 Thus finding cause, to foster hye defire:  
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecocks plumes,  
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:  
 Yea, brainsick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,  
 But, *Nemo sine crimine uiuit*.  
 For he that findes, himself from vices free  
 I giue him leue, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,  
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:  
 Euil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.  
 The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.  
 But (that in cheef, which writers should respect)  
 trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheat.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,  
 I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me  
 But as a fish, feld bites with out a baight,  
 So none vnforst, men needs will hear or see.  
 and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:  
 the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,  
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:  
 The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,  
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures Barge.  
 These lusty lims, *Sauuice vse* (quod, I) will rust:  
 That pitie were, for I to them must trust.



Wel pafte at length, among the drunken Dutch,  
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my defert) He served  
in Hol-  
land.  
 I boldly vaunt, the blaft of Fame is fuch,  
 As prooves I had, a froward fowrs hart.  
 My flender gaine a further witnes is :  
 For woorthieft men, the fpoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner  
in Hol.  
 Cacht by fly hap, in prifon vile was popt :  
 Yeahadnot woordes, fought formyliues defence, He had  
the Latin,  
Italian,  
French,  
and Dutch  
languages  
 Forallmy hands, my breth had there been flopt  
 But I in fine, did fo perfwade my foe :  
 as (fcot free) I, was homewards fet to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,  
 Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope  
 In peace (quod I) ile truſt unto my wit,  
 the windowes of my muſe, then ſtraight I ope His  
bookes  
publ  
 And firſt I ſhowe, the trauail of ſuch time :  
 as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some ſtraight way ſaid (their tungs with enuy fret),  
 thofe wanton layes, inductions were to vice :  
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.  
 our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife.  
 And fure theſe toyes, do ſhowe for your behoof :  
 The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,  
 I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies : Glaſſe of  
gouer-  
ment.  
 The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouernment,  
 And (laboring ſtil, by paines, to purchace praife)  
 I wrought a Glaſſe, wherein eche man may ſee : Steele  
Glaſſe  
 Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule, transformed to a beast,      Diet for  
my diet helps, a man, again to make :      drinkers  
But (that which should, be praïsd aboue the rest)  
My Doomes day Drum, from sin dooth you awake  
For honest sport, which dooth refresh the wit :      Drum of  
I haue for you, a book of hunting writ.      doomsday  
Hunting.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,  
Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliuie to keep :  
Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprise,  
Cought close as yet, within my cofers sleep.  
yea til I dy, none shall the fame reuele :  
So men wil say, that *Gaskoign* wrote of *Zcale*.

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched fot, Enuy.  
 Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde :  
 I curfe thee wretch, the onely caufe godwot,  
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.  
 And not content, thy felf to doo me fear :  
 Thou nipft my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of *Spight* soule *Enuies* poysoned pye,  
To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes: *Spight*.  
With painted shewes, he heaues him self on hie,  
Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,  
But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob:  
with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.  
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he faies  
And lest the wife should finde his wit but yung,  
He workes all means, their workes for to dispraise.  
To smoothe his speech, ye beast this patch doth crop  
He shoves the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woofe then this, he dealeth in offence,  
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) ;  
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,  
 This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth spread.  
 And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect :  
 The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect* : the propertie to shewe, Suspect.  
 He hides his dought, yet stil mistrusteth more :  
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,  
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling fore.  
 And so in vain, hee good account dooth seek,  
 Who by this *Feende*, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,  
 These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot :  
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart :  
 so that I found, for me it was no boot.  
 to woork as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,  
 When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain words, by fooles misconstrued were  
 by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back  
 To quite my woorth, a cause to fettle care :  
 within my brest, who wel deseru'd, did lack.  
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe :  
 Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books, Care.  
 and see pied Doules, vppon a booty feed ?  
 What honest minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,  
 and see the lewd, to rech a frendly deed ?  
 What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile :  
 when carpet fwads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted foe,  
 These men, were brib'd, ere I had breath to speak :  
 Mute then no whit, with this huge overthrow,  
 though crushing care, my guiltless hart doth break  
 But you will say, that in delight doo dwell :  
 my outward flowe, no inward grief did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark vnto the rest,  
 The Swan in fongs, dooth knolle her passing bel :  
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest  
 when she might mourn, her sweetest layes doth yel  
 The valiant man, so playes a pleafant parte :  
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vpon his hart.

For prooffe, my self, with care not so a feard,  
 But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)  
 When stoutly they doo stand among yat heard.  
 So that I saw, but few hark to my mone.  
 made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint :  
 in fight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft vse, dooth weare an iron cote,  
 as misling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse  
 By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot  
 but more then straunge is that I now rehearse,  
 Three months I liued, and did digest no food :  
 when none by arte my sickness vnderstood.

No Physi-  
 cian could  
 find out  
 his griefe

What helpeth then? to death I needs must pine,  
 yet as the horse, the vse of warre which knowes :  
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,  
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.  
 Euen so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breath :  
 Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auails, *Achilles* hart, to haue,  
King *Creffus* welth, the fway of all the world :  
The Prince, the Peere, fo to the wretched flaue,  
when death affaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.  
Yea oft he ftrikes ere one can flir his eye :  
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You fee the plight, I wretched now am in,  
I looke much like a threfhed ear of corne :  
I holde a forme, within a wrinkled fkin,  
but from my bones, the fat and flefh is worne  
See, fee the man, late plefures Minion :  
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants fee, a picture worth the fight,  
(as you are now, my felf was heertofoe)  
My body late, fluff ful of manly might,  
As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.  
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame :  
Stif clung with colde, wants forfe to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flefh,  
Vnable are, to flay my bones vpriht :  
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wifh,  
In broken words, can fcarce my minde recite.  
My head late fluff, with wit and learned skil :  
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What fay you freends, this fudain chaunge to fee?  
You rue my greef, you doo like flefh and blood :  
But mone your finnes, and neuer morne for me,  
And to be plain, I would you vnderftood.  
My hart dooth fwim, in feas of more delight :  
Then your who feems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the foule,  
 A mas of finne, a defart of deceit :  
 A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,  
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight.  
 Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care :  
 Vnfaire, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride, oeruns the honest minde,  
 Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shiftles wretch :  
 where bribing mists, the iudges eyes doo blinde,  
 Where *Parasites*, the fattest crummes doo catch.  
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)  
 Are ouer blowne, with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,  
 Conceiu'd in sin, plasht in the woorld with grief,  
 Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,  
 And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)  
 Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end :  
 To gather goods, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plasht,  
 Think whence thou cam'st, and whether ye shalt goe :  
 The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer cast,  
 when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.  
 Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight :  
 And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nurish hie desire,  
 Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big :  
 The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,  
 Euen so the Clark, the Parfones graue dooth dig.  
 Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win :  
 Dooth heap (God wot) but forowe vnto finne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,  
the thunder boltes, the lofty Towers teare :  
The lightning flash, consumes the houle of reed,  
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.  
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is :  
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I say, if life would lend me space,  
but all in vain : death waites of no mans will :  
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,  
when pampered horfe, will prauce against the hil.  
So helthfull men, at long discourfes sporte :  
When few woords, the sick, would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,  
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease :  
This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)  
my louing wife and sonne, will hardly please.  
But in this case, so please them as I may :  
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My foule I first, bequeath Almighty God,  
and though my sinnes are greuous in his sight :  
I firmly trust, to scape his firy rod,  
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.  
Whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)  
Is sole the cause, that faues me from hel fire.

The  
effect of  
his wil.

My Body now which once I decked braue  
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue :  
I wish no pomp, the fame for to ingraue,  
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.  
And flesh and blood in this self forte is tryed :  
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gracious foueraign Queene  
 (by seruice bound) my true and loyall hart :  
 And trueth to fay, a fight but rarely feene,  
 as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.  
 Her highnes fo, hath reacht the Grace alone :  
 To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would see,  
 my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue :  
 But fence my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee  
 most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I craue  
 (not for any seruice that I haue doon)  
 you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte,  
 and therewithall I giue thee this in charge :  
 First serue thou God, then vse bothe wit and arte,  
 thy Fathers det, of seruice to discharge.  
 which (forste by death) her Maiestie he owes :  
 beyond defarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgiue  
 Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend :  
 And as good men, in charitie should liue,  
 I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.  
 Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequest :  
 And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.  
 Farwell O world, the baight of all abuse :  
 Death where is thy sting? O Deuil where is thy hel?  
 I little forfe, the forfes you can vse ;  
 Yea to your teeth, I doo you both desye :  
*Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.*



In this good mood, an end woorthy the shewe,  
 Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd :  
 And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoyne* went a *Dio*,  
 Yea with such ease, as no man there perceiu'd,  
 By strugling signe, or struiuing for his breth :  
 That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death.

### *Exhortatio.*

His *Sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,  
 Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be slain: Good men  
 God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact  
 As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.  
 The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :  
 And vse good deeds, *Vt fruuntur Deo*.

Contemme the chaunge, (vse nay abuse) not God,  
 Through holy shoves, this wordly muck to scratch :  
 To deale with men and Saints is very od. I pocrites  
 Hypocrisie, a man may ouer catch.  
 But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see :  
 Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou iesting foole, which mak'it at sin a face,  
 Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not : Careles  
liuers.  
 For where as he, is coldest in his grace,  
 Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.  
 Tempt not to far, the lothest man to fight :  
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,  
 you by your losse, do match with them in blame: Courtiers  
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,  
 The blinde for flouth, may hardly check the lame.  
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.  
 wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers.  
 you shalbe iudg'd, and therfore iudge aright:  
 you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,  
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.  
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre:  
 That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,  
 Make shoue in woorks, yat you your woords infue:  
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood, Prelats.  
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,  
 Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:  
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue,  
 to whose behoofe, this breif discourse is tolde: Readers  
 Prepare thy self, eche houre for the graue, ingenerall.  
 the market eats aswel yong sheep as olde.  
 Euen so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:  
 The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leaue,  
 thus sure thou art, but know'lt not when to dye:  
 Then good thou liue, leaft death doo the deceiue,  
 as through good life, thou maist his force desye.  
 For trust me man, no better match can make:  
 Then leaue vnfore, for certain things to take.

*Viuit post funera Virtus.*

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the  
death, of M. G. Gaskoyne.*

For Gaskoynes death, leaue of to mone, or morne  
You are deceiued, aliue the man is stil :  
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to fcorne,  
In that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,  
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye  
His vvoorthy vvoorks, such fame in earth haue fovvne,  
As sack nor vvrack, his name can there destroy.

But you vvill say, by death he only gaines.  
And hovv his life, vvould many stand in stead :  
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)  
If novv in heauen, he haue his earnest meade.  
For once in earth, his toyle vvas passing great :  
And vve deuourd the fveet of all his fveeat.

*FINIS.*

*Nemo ante obitum beatus.*

¶

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## ¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

*concerning the making of verse or*

ryme in English, vvritten at the request

of Master *Edouardo Donati*.

**S** *Ignor Edouardo*, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therewithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuerthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request aduenture to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vsed, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall haue it in these few poynts followyng.

**T**He first and most necessarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnlesse the Inuention haue in it also *aliquid falis*. By this *aliquid falis*, I meane some good and fine deuise, shewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame soeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

*perpetua*, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ye Inuention, and some figures also in the handling thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almosfe vnpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furdere meaning in these few poynts. If I should vndertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir cristall eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shee hath, and therevpon rayse the prayse of hir commendation. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discover my disquiet in shadows *per Allegoriam*, or vse the couertest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely customes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuerthelesse to conclude therein, I would haue you stand most vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and slicke not to studie deeply for some fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleasant wordes will follow well enough and fast enough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of deuise, do carie you from it: for as to vse obscure and darke phrases in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie iests in a serious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduise you that you hold the iust measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may seeme a preposterous ordre: but

bycause I couet rather to satisfie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not somuch stand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I say then, remember to holde the same measure wherewith you begin, whether it be in a verse of fixe syllables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might seeme ridiculous vnto you, since euery yong scholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the same measure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I see and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the measure of xij. in the first line, and xiiij. in the second (which is the common kinde of verse) they wil yet (by that time they haue passed ouer a few verses) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et sic de similibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelesnes.

4. And in your verses remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphasis* or found, that is to say in such wise, and with such length or shortnesse, eleuation or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pronounced or vsed: to expresse the same we haue three maner of accents, *grauis, lenis, et circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the short accent, and that whiche is indifferent: the graue accent is marked by this caracte, / the light accent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or indifferent is thus signified ~: the graue accent is drawn out or eleuate, and maketh that fillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depressed or snatched vp, and maketh that fillable short vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferent, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes depressed and sometimes eleuate. For example of th' emphasis or natural found of words, this word *Treasure*, hath the graue accent vpon the first fillable, whereas if it shoulde be written in this sorte, *Treasure*, nowe were the second fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vse wherwith it is pronounced. For further explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English

verfes) we vse none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long: and that sound or scanning continueth throughout the verse. We have vsed in times past other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:




*No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,  
Vnlesse he beleue, that all is but wayne.*

Also our father *Chaucer* hath vsed the same libertie in feete and measures that the Latinists do vse: and who so euer do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderstanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent vnto that whiche hath fewest fillables in it: and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe founde yet to consist of woordes that haue suche naturall founde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse which hath many moe fillables of lighter accentues. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into suche a playne and simple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vsed but one: wherby our Poemes may iustly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me set downe vnto you suche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two syllables you wrestle no woorde from his natural and vsuall founde, I do not meane hereby that you may vse none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vse discretion according to occasion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed as the first fillable may sound short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this



point marke these two verses :

  
*I vnderstand your meanying by your eye.*  
 \ / \ / \ / \ / \ / \ /  
*Your meaning I vnderstand by your eye.*

In these two verses there seemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant, and the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *vnderstand* is therein so placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderstand to be eleuated : which is contrarie to the naturall or vsual pronounciation : for we say

\ / \ / \ /  
*vnderstand*, and not *vnderstand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few wordes of many fillables into your verse as may be : and herevnto I might alledge many reasons : first the most auncient English wordes are of one fillable, so that the more monasyllables that you vse, the truer Englishman you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inke-horne. Also wordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it vnpleasant, whereas wordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent founde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason : my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawn sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason foecer it carie with it) or els they alter

their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention : But do you alwayes hold your first determined Inuention, and do rather seache the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers leffon) worke thus, when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same founde by order of the Alphabete : As for example, the laste woorde of your first line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, snare, rare, flare, and ware, &c.* Of all these take that which best may serue your purpose, caryng reason with rime : and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do notwillingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vse the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are vsed in prose, and in my iudgement they serue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verse than they haue in prose : but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know the vse of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of fundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly vsed) lendeth good grace to a verse : but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambè*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est* : therefore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta et inusitata*, vnlesse the Theame do giue iust occasion : marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentiu reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vse discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible : for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a roasted horse : but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentiu readyng, and therewithal may deliuer such matter as be worth the marking.

11. You shall do very well to vse your verse after the englishe phraße, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinists do commonly set the adiectiue after the Substantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes alta, &c.* but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, etc. it would haue but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some vse it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,*

*I will go visit mother myne &c.*

Surely I smile at the simplicitie of such deuifers which might aswell haue sayde it in playne Englishe phraße, and yet haue better pleased all eares, than they satisfie their owne fancies by suche *superfinesse*. Therefore euen as I haue aduised you to place all wordes in their naturall or most common and vsuall pronounciation, so would I wishe you to frame all sentences in their mother phraße and proper *Idioma*, and yet sometimes (as I haue sayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwise lawfull or commendable.

12. This poetickall licence is a shrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verse. it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo sillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it turkeneth all things at pleasure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *ad wne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *power* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleffe to rehearse, since your owne iudgement and readyng will soone make you espie such aduantages.

13 There are also certayne pauses or restes in a verse whiche may be called *Cæsures*, whereof I would be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they haue bene first deuised (as should

leeme) by the Musicians : but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight fillables, the pause will stand best in the middest, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure fillables : in a verse of twelue, in the midst, in verses of twelue in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight fillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne fillables, and feuen such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acroffe) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence : this hath bene called Rithme royall, and surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie fortes : for a man may write ballade in a staffe of fixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or fixe fillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acroffe, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne fillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue best for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonnets whiche are of foure tenelynes, euery line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming together do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of fixe lines, commonly vsed by the French, which some Engles. writers do also terme by the name of Sonetter. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called *Vish layes*, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by authoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne fillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *VVilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.\* There are also certaine Poemes deuised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the commonest sort of verse which we vse now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suffice (if it be not to much) for the fundrie sortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of euery staffe where you

\* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright staues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by coopes or poulters measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lammas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduise) eschue prolixitie and knit vp your sentences as compendiously as you may, since breuitie (so that it be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is fuche as our Mayster and Father *Chaucer* vsed in his *Canterburie* tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will now tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to shewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime serueth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittest for a grauediscourse. Ballades are beste of matters of loue, and rondlettes most apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets serue aswell in matters of loue as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual proposition, although by the name you might otherwise iudge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vsed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would serue best for Psalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affying my selfe therevpon, I make an ende.

*FINIS.*



THE STEELE GLAS.  
A Satyre compiled by George  
Gascoigne Esquire.

*Together with*  
The Complainte of *Phylomene*.  
*An Elegie deuifed by*  
the same Author.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*



*Printed for Richard Smith.*

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVilton Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life  
*with encrease of honour, according to*  
 his great worthineffe.

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Ight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the same vnable to deserue the least parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygnd with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabilitie to heare me, with exceeding curtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to proteſt me. All which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours: reuiued the very same affection, whiche firste moued in mee the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewaile mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see as farre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimittie*, accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth



beginne (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrosyue of care would quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth, I confesse it : what shall I do then ? shall I yelde to myfery as a iust plague appointed for my portion ? Magnanimitie saith no, and Industrie seemeth to be of the very same opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned : yea more than that, I am rygorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre ? shall I yeelde vnto iellosie ? or drowne my dayes in idlenesse, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonneffe ? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfulness of diligence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reprobud for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with most vntrue surmyfes ? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge host of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the fight of his late professed enemy. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduersityte ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coule kindle in their brestes any least sparke of desire, to seeke any vn honorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sunne did shine, and now I strue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelines in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crows foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what ?

*Aristotle* spent his youth very ryotously, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthfull yeares, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, than hee was after in his age painful to write good recepts of

moral Phylofophy. VVhat fhoulde I fpeake of Cato, who was olde before he learned latine letters, and yet became one of the greateft Oratours of his time? Thefe examples are fufficient to proue that by indutrie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerfities are eafye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here prefume thus rudely to rehearfe them. For as I can be content to confeffe the lightneffe wherewith I haue bene (in times paff) worthie to be burdened, fo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwife bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced flil to carie on my fhoulders the crosse of my carelefneffe, but therewithall I am alfo put to the plunge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe fufpects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my felfe fo feeble, and fo vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearfed) I fhould either caft downe mine armour and hide myfelfe like a recreant, or elfe (of a malicious flubborneffe) fhould bufie my braines with fome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerfaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie fuffer me to become vnhoneft, nor yet can Indutrie fee me finke in idleneffe.

For I haue learned in facred fcriptures to heape coles vppon the heade of mine enimie, by honeft dealing: and our fauiour himfelfe hath encoraged me, faying that I fhall lacke neither workes nor feruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

Thefe things I fay (my fingular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the fame affection which firft moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchfafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be fo curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue prefumed to present your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I trust not without reason. And what foeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beseeching the same too accept it with as gracious regarde, as you haue in times past bene accustomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of roste for their paynes. And when the vertuous shall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then shall detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falsely accused me, than light credence shal haue cause to repent his rashe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge shal not be abashed to cancel the sentence vniustly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongst my bookes here at my poore house in VValkamstowe, where I praye daylie for speedy aduauncement, and continuall prosperitie of your good Lordship. VVritten the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(. .)

*By your honours most bownden and well assured  
George Gascoigne.*

N. R. in commendation  
*of the Author, and his*

workes.

I N rowfing verſes of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,  
 The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.  
 Graue *Senec* did, furmounte for Tragike vaine,  
 Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.  
*Archilochus*, did for *Iambickes* paſte,  
 For commicke verſe, ſtill *Plautus* peereleſſe was

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,  
 Sance peere were *Naſo*, and *Tibullus* deemde :  
 In Satyres ſharpe (as men of mickle praiſe)  
*Lucilius*, and *Horace* were eſteemde.  
 Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,  
 But *Gaſcoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,  
 I liſt not vaunte, his workes for me ſhal ſay ;  
 In praifing him *Timantes* trade I take,  
 VVho (when he ſhould, the woful cheare diſplaie,  
 Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,  
 His daughters death with teares of ſmal auaile :

Not ſkild to counterſhape his morneful grace,  
 That men might deeme, what art coulde not ſupplie)  
 Deuiſde with painted vaile, to ſhrowde his face.  
 Like forte my pen ſhal Gaſcoignes praiſe diſerie,  
 VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearſe,  
 Doth ſhrowde and cloude them thus in ſilent verſe.

## 'Walter Rawely of the middle

*Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasfe.*

SVVete were the fauce, would please ech kind of taft,  
The life likewise, were pure that neuer fwerued,  
For fpyteful tonges, in cankered ftomackes plaft,  
Deeme worft of things, which beft (percafe) deferued :  
But what for that ? this medicine may fuffyfe,  
To fcorne the ref, and feke to please the wife.

Though fundry mindes, in fundry forte do deeme,  
Yet worthieft wights, yelde prayfe for euery payne,  
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) efteme,  
Such ftately fleppes, as they cannot attaine.  
For who fo reapes, renowne aboue the ref,  
VVith heapes of hate, fhall furely be oppref.

VVherefore to write, my cenfure of this booke,  
This Glasfe of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe,  
Abufes all, to fuch as in it looke,  
From prince to poore, from high eftate to lowe,  
As for the verfe, who lifts like trade to trye,  
I feare me much, fhall hardly reache fo high.

## Nicholas Bowyer in commen- *dation of this worke.*

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres fadde and iage,  
Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,  
And as he pleafde, the vaine of youthful age,  
VVith pleafant penne, employde in louing ryme :  
So now he feekes, the graueft to delight,  
VVith workes of worth, much better than they showe.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. that the above heading shows him to  
138, states that this is the earliest have been at least resident in the  
known verfe of Sir W. Raleigh's, and Middle Temple in 1570.

This Glasse of Steele, (if it be markt aright)  
 Difcries the faults, as wel of high as lowe.  
 And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iust complaynte,  
 In fugred founde, doth throwde a solemgne fence,  
 Gainst those whome lust, or murder doth attaynte.  
 Lo this we see, is *Gascoignes* good pretence,  
 To please al forts, with his praiseworthy skill.  
 Then yelde him thanks in signe of like good wil

## The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine : and flattrie were a faulte.  
 But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,  
 The which I seeke, by science to assault,  
 And so to leaue, remembrance of my name.  
 The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyne :

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.  
 Then since I see, that rimes can seldome reache,  
 Vnto the toppe, of such a stately Towre,  
 By reafons force, I meane to make some breache,  
 VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,  
 That so at last, my Muse might enter in,  
 And reafon rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,  
 In rymelesse verse, which thundreth mighty threates,  
 And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,  
 Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beates.  
 The worke (thinke I) deserues an honest name,  
 If not? I sayle, to win this forte of fame.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

# THE STEELE GLAS.



He Nightingale, (whose happy noble  
hart,  
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force  
affright,  
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort  
faddest wights,  
When she hir self, hath little cause to  
sing.

Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,  
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,  
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,  
And graueſt yeares, haue not diſdainde hir notes :  
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name  
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleaſant tong,  
To couer ſo, his owne foule filthy fault)  
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,  
To ſing a ſong, in ſpight of their deſpight,  
Which worke my woe, withouten cauſe or crime,  
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,  
By ſlaundrous ſteppes, and ſtayres of tickle talke,  
To clyme the throne, wherein my ſelfe ſhould fitte.  
*O Phylomene*, then helpe me now to chaunt :  
And if dead beaſtes, or liuing byrdes haue ghoſts,  
Which can conceiue the cauſe of carefull mone,  
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,  
 In barayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale,  
 A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes  
 Of learned men, and graue Philosphers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore  
 Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,  
 And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget  
 The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen :  
 And therewithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,  
 To yeld the rest, much more than they deservde)  
 Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to peruse,  
 This rimles verse, which flowes from troubled mind.  
 Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,  
 (Which rauished fayre *Phylomene* for lust,  
 And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)  
 Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.  
 They liue, they liue, (alas the worse my lucke)  
 Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,  
 Hath raunged long about the world so wyde,  
 To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,  
 And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)  
 Whose harmeleffe hart, perceivde not their deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,  
 The mysteries, of all that I do meane,  
 I am not he whom flanderous tongues haue tolde,  
 (False tongues in dede, and craftie subtile braines)  
 To be the man, which ment a common spoyle  
 Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words  
 Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.  
 In' am a man, as some do thinke I am,  
 (Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,  
 Or at the least, a right *Hermaphrodite* :  
 And who desires, at large to knowe my name,  
 My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,  
 Lo reade it here, *Playne dealing* was my Syre,  
 And he begat me by *Simpleitie*,

Not ignorant  
 simplicity  
 but a  
 thought  
 free from  
 deceite.



A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,  
 My sistr' and I, into this world were sent,  
 My Syfters name, was *pleasant Poessis*,  
 And I my selfe had *Satyra* to name,  
 Whose happe was such, that in the prime of  
 youth,

Satyrical-  
 Poetry?  
 may right  
 ly be cal-  
 led the  
 daughter  
 of such  
 sympli-  
 tic.

A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,  
 Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,  
 (I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)  
 Beganne to woo my sifter, not for wealth,

But for hir face was louely to beholde,  
 And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant still.  
 This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,  
 And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe  
 Of guylefull wights: *Falſe ſemblant* was the  
 first,

VWhere  
 may be  
 commonly  
 found a  
 meeter  
 vvor for  
 plesant  
 poetry,  
 than vaine  
 Delight?  
 Such men  
 do many  
 tymes at-  
 tend  
 vpon  
 vaine de-  
 light.

The second man was, *Fleering flattery*,  
 (Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)  
 Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deccite*.  
*Sym Swaſh* did beare a buckler for the first,  
*Falſe witneſſe* was the seconde stemly page,  
 And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,  
 This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,  
 And woed my sifter, for she elder was,  
 And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)  
 Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine fomuch,

That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his fute.  
 Short tale to make, she gaue a free coment,  
 And forth she goeth, to be his wedded make,  
 Entyst percase, with glosse of gorgeous shewe,  
 (Or else perhappes, perswaded by his peeres,)  
 That constant loue had herbord in his brest,  
*Such errors growe where ſuche falſe Prophets preach.*

Poetrie  
 married  
 to vaine  
 Delight.

How so it were, my Sister likte him wel,  
 And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,  
 Where when she had some yeeres yfoiorned,  
 And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,  
 A deepe Desire hir louing hart enflamde,

To see me fit by hir in seemely wife,  
 That companye might comfort hir sometimes,  
 And sound advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes :  
 And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)  
 Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty course direct,  
 To seeke me out his fayles are fully bent,  
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,  
 Whereas she lay, that mourned dayes and nights  
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceiue,  
 And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet)  
 Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,  
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,  
 And bad him harke, to songs of *Satyra*.  
 I felly foule (which thought no body harme)  
 Can cleere my throte, and straue to sing my  
 best,

Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde his hart,  
 That he forgot my sister *Poesys*,  
 And rauisht me, to please his wanton minde.  
 Not so content, when this foule fact was done,  
 (Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose  
 His incest : and his doting darke desire)  
 He causde straight wayes, the formost of his  
 crew

VVith his compeare, to trie me with their  
 tongues :

And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne  
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,  
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,  
 Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,  
 That I entist *Delight*, to loue and luste.

Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.  
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,  
 They clapt me fast, in cage of *Miserie*,  
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,  
 Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,  
 Cut out my tong, with *Rayser of Restraynte*,  
 Least I should waye, this bloody deede of his.

Satyrical  
 Poetry is  
 sometimes  
 rauished  
 by wayne  
 Delight.

False sem-  
 blant and  
 flatt'rie  
 can sel-  
 dome be-  
 guile sati-  
 rical Poe-  
 trie.

The re-  
 ward of  
 busy med-  
 ling is  
 Miseric.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,  
 Not as I feemd, a man sometimes of might,  
 But womanlike, whose teares must venge hir  
 harms.

note now  
 and compare  
 this allego-  
 ry to the  
 story of  
 Progne and  
 Philomele.

And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine  
 For *Philomela*, that thought hir tong were cutte,  
 Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes :  
 So haue they deign'd, by their diuine decrees,  
 That with the fumps of my reprov'd tong,  
 I may sometimes, *Reprovers* deedes reproue,  
 And sing a verse, to make them see themselves.

Then thus I sing, this felly song by night,  
 Like *Philomene*, since that the shining Sunne  
 Is how eclyps'd, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht  
 Like *Philomene*, since that the stately cowrts,  
 Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,  
 Like *Philomene*, since that the priuy worme,  
 Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,  
 May well suffice, to keepe me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,  
 Like *Philomene*, since euery ianglyng byrd,  
 Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so.  
 As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmeleffe true intent,  
 Like *Philomene*, when as percale (meane while)  
 The Cuckowe fuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,  
 And lickes the sweet, which might haue fed me first.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wife to sing,  
 A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)  
 A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,  
 A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world,  
 Wherein I see, howe every kind of man  
 Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.  
 I feeme to muse, from whence such errour springs,  
 Such grosse conceits, such mistes of darke mistake,  
 Such *Surcudry*, such weening ouer well,  
 And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.  
 And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe  
 The cause thereof, and whence it should proceede,  
 My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brufde,  
 With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)  
 Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,  
 Which makes me thinke, the world goeth still awry.

Here the  
 substance  
 of the  
 theme  
 beginneth

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me fadde)  
 That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,  
 And every wight, will haue a looking glasse  
 To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not :  
 Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,  
 Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,  
 Is not enough, the days are past and gon,  
 That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,  
 Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.  
 That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,  
 Which thought that steele, both trustly was and true,  
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,  
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.  
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde  
 The christall glas, which glimsfeth braue and bright,  
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,  
 Beguylde with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,  
 So that they feeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)  
 That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity,

That Kings decline, from princely gouernment,  
 That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,  
 That knights confume, their patrimonie still,  
 That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,  
 That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,  
 That clergie quayles, and hath final reuerence,  
 That laymen liue, by mouing mischiefes still,  
 That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,  
 That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,  
 That Souldiours sterue, or prech at Tiborne crosse,  
 That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,  
 That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,  
 That roysters brag, about their betters rome,  
 That sicophants, are counted iolly guests,  
 That *Lais* leades a Ladies life alofte,  
 And *Lucrece* lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)  
 That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,  
 And castles buylt, about in lofty skies,  
 Which neuer yet, had good foundation.  
 And that the same may seme no feined dreame,  
 But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,  
 I haue presumde, my Lord for to present  
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,  
 And came to me, by wil and testament  
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

*Lucylius*, this worthy man was namde,  
 Who at his death, bequeathd the chrisstal glasse,  
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,  
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselves,  
 How foule or fayre, soeuer that they are,  
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,  
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,  
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.  
 And since my selfe (now pride of youth is past)

A famous  
 old satyri-  
 cal Poete.

Do loue to be, and let al feerning passe,  
 Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,  
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,  
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolike fauor frounst  
 With soule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth :  
 Wherein I see, a *Sampsons* grim regarde  
 Disgraced yet with *Alexanders* bearde :  
 Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape  
 (And such as might befeeme the courte full wel)  
 Is cast at heele, by courting al to foone :  
 Wherein I see, a quicke capacitye,  
 Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie :  
 An age suspect, by cause of youtnes misdeedes.  
 A poets brayne, posselt with layes of loue :  
 A *Cæsars* minde, and yet a *Codrus* might,  
 A Souldiours hart, supprest with feareful doomes :  
 A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.

The au-  
 thor him-  
 selfe.

Alexander  
 magnus  
 had but a  
 smal  
 beard.

He vvich  
 vvil re-  
 buke mens  
 faults, shal  
 do vvell  
 not to for-  
 get hys  
 ovvne im-  
 perfections.

And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,  
 And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,  
 As were it not, that Reason ruleth me,  
 I should in rage, this face of mine deface,  
 And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,  
 By cause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,  
 I see a world, of worthy gouernment,  
 A common welth, with policy so rulde,  
 As neither lawes are fold, nor iustice bought,  
 Nor riches fought, vnlesse it be by right.  
 No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,  
 No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,  
 No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuail,  
 No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth,  
 No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,  
 No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight :

Common  
 vveth



All people dreade, the magistrates decree,  
 And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Loue.  
 Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,  
 Of such a lande, as milke and hony flowes.  
 And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,  
 Set forth euen so, by *Solon* (worthy wight)  
 Who taught king *Craesus*, what it is to feme,  
 And what to be, by prooffe of happie end.  
 The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,  
 Did fet to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,  
 And left the fame, a mirour to behold,  
 To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing cristall glasse  
 Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych  
 VVhere fauor sways, the sentence of the law, Common  
 VVhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net, vvoe.  
 VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,  
 VVhere iniuries, do foster secret grudge,  
 VVhere bloody sword, maks euery booty prize,  
 VVhere banquetting, is compted comly cost,  
 VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,  
 VVhere purchase commes, by couyn and deceit,  
 And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,  
 Nor none serue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,  
 But foure estates, to serue eche country Soyle,  
 The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.  
 The King should care for al the subiectes still,  
 The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,  
 The Peasant he, should labor for their ease,  
 And Priests shuld pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,  
 And cristall glosse, doth glister so therewith,  
 That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous Kings  
 great.

When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,  
 V To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant fights, 1  
 To fede their lil, of daintie delicates, 2  
 To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sports, 3  
 To fil their eares, with found of instruments, 4  
 To breake with bit, the hot coragious horse, 5  
 To deck their haules, with sumptuous cloth of gold, 6  
 To cloth themselues, with filkes of straunge deuise, 7  
 To searce the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones, 8  
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold: 9  
 And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,  
 To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,  
 To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,  
 To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,  
 To gard their lands, from fodaine sword and fier,  
 To feare the cries of gittles suckling babes,  
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their blood,  
 And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring loue.

I speake not this, by any english king,  
 Nor by our Queene, whose high forfight prouids,  
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,  
 Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.  
 But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,  
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,  
 (Who sawe themselues, in glasse of trusty Steele)  
 Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,  
 And fet their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florish most,  
 That no man might triumph in flatly wise,  
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade  
 Fyue thousand foes in foughten field foredone.  
 Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,  
 May see proud pompes, in high triumphant wise,  
 Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemye.

Veleri  
 max. lib. 2.  
 cap. 3.

When *Scrgius*, deuised first the meane



To pen vp fishe, within the swelling flood,  
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,  
 Then followed fast, excesse on Princes bordes,  
 And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,  
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.  
 But had, he seepe, the streine of straunge deuise,  
 Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,  
 To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues :  
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is filde  
 With secrete cause, of sickenesse (oft) vnseene,  
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,  
 Then would he say, that al the Romane cost  
 Was common trash, compard to fundrie Sauce  
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,  
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.  
 Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire,  
 The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,  
 The bayted Bul, and Beare at statly stake,  
 These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,  
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man :  
 But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,  
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,  
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.  
 Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A swete consent, of Musicks sacred sound,  
 Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,  
 But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,  
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede,  
 To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,  
 Defersues (no doubt) great commendation.  
 But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,  
 VVith pampered Iades, ought therewithal to wey,  
 VVhat great excesse, vpon them may be spent,  
 How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therewith al, in godly wise be fedde,  
And kings ought not, fo many horfe to haue. Deut. 18

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state, 6  
But vaine excessfe, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffles, 7  
Our futes of Silke, our comely garded capes,  
Our knit filke stockes, and spanish lether shoes,  
(Yea veluet serues, oftentimes to trample in)  
Our plumes, our spangls, and al our queint aray,  
Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pride,  
And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which spurne at gliftring perle, 8  
And scorne the costs, which we do holde so deare?  
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle  
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,  
(VWhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)  
They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,  
VWhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wise  
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.  
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,  
Til greedy mindes, gan searce the very guts  
Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds  
(As redde and white, which are by melting made  
Bright gold and filuer, mettals of mischiefe)  
Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts  
With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,  
And seldome seene, that kings can be content  
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:  
What causeth this, but greedy golde to get?  
Euen gold, which is, the very caufe of warres,  
The nest of strife, and nource of debate,  
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires

But is this strange? when Lords when Knights and  
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)  
Are not afrayd to couet like a King?

O blinde desire : oh high aspiring harts.  
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, <sup>Knights.</sup>  
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke.  
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,  
 And none content, with that which is his own.

Yet none of these, can see in Chrystal glasse  
 (VVhich glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing eyes)  
 How euery life, beares with him his difeafe.  
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,  
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,  
 How Lordship liues, with lots of leffe delight,  
 (Though cappe and knee, do feeme a reuerence,  
 And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)  
 Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe  
 A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,  
 VVith pig and goofe, with mutton, beefe and veale,  
 (Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)  
 VVil breake vp houle, and dwel in market townes,  
 A loytring life, and like an *Epicure*.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth ?  
 VVho rules the flocke, when sheperds fo are fled ?  
 VVho stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state ?  
 Forsooth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,  
 Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,  
 And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,  
 You were not borne, al onely for your felues :  
 Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.  
 There should you liue, and therein should you toyle,  
 To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,  
 To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,  
 To punish vice, and vertue to aduance,  
 To see God seruede, and *Belzebub* supprest.  
 You should not trust, liestenaunts in your rome,  
 And let them fway, the scepter of your charge,  
 VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,  
 Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

Couetousness

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The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe  
 A court at home, is now come vp to courte,  
 And leaues the country for a common prey,  
 To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit :  
 (Al which his prefence might haue pacified,  
 Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)  
 And now the youth which might haue serued him,  
 In comely wife, with countrey clothes yclad,  
 And yet therby bin able to preferre  
 Vnto the prince, and there to feke aduance :  
 Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,  
 Or else fits still, and liueth like a loute,  
 (Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse :)  
 And so those imps which might in time haue sprong  
 Alofte (good lord) and serude to shielde the state,  
 Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,  
 Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,  
 And these be they, which leaue the land at large.  
 Yet here percase, it wilbe thought I roue  
 And runne astray, besides the kings high way,  
 Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell  
 (And such as shew, most perfect in my glasse)  
 Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours  
 Whose skil in armes, and long experience  
 Should still vphold the pillars of the worlde.  
 Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,  
 May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,  
 Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake  
 What souldiours are, or what they ought to be  
 (And I my selfe, of that profesion)  
 I see a crew, which glister in my glasse, Souldiours,  
 The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene :  
 Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,  
 VVhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* insue,

*Æmilius*, and *Curius* I see,  
*Palamedes*, and *Fabius maximus*,  
 And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,  
*Protefilaus* and *Phocyan* are not farre,  
*Pericles* stands, in rancke amongst the rest,  
*Aristomenes*, may not be forgot,  
 Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these fouldiours can I spie  
 Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I see not one therein, which seekes to heape  
 A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, Couetous  
 And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede, Soldiours  
 When muster day, and foughthen fielde are odde.  
*Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,*  
*And Paulus he, (Æmilius furnamed)*  
*Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,*  
*Although he had, so many lands subdued,*  
*And brought such treasure, to the common chests,*  
*That fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free*  
*From greuous taske, and imposition.*  
*Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,*  
*Thought sacriledge, himselfe for to aduance,*  
*And see his fouldiours, pore or liue in lacke*

I see not one, within this glasse of mine, Soldiours  
 Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde, more  
 As though he were, all onely to be markt, braue then  
 When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay, valiaunt.  
 Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field :  
 And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,  
 Is daunted downe, with daftard dreadfulness.  
 And yet in towne, he ietted euery streete,  
 As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himself)  
 Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,  
 Though much more like, the coward *Constantine*.  
 I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,

*Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars  
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,  
Contented was to be but homely clad.  
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide  
The very vaines, of his forweari'd legges  
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)  
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,  
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.*

I fee not one, (my Lord) I fee not one  
Which stands fomuch, vpon his paynted  
sheath  
(Bycause he hath, perchaunce at *Bolleyn* bene  
And loytered, since then in idleneffe)  
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,  
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,  
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.  
*Since Palamedes, and Vlisses both,  
VVhere much esteemed for their pollicies  
Although they were not thought long trained men.  
Epamynondas, eke was much esteemde  
VVhose Eloquence, was such in all respects,  
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.  
And Fabius, furnamed Maximus,  
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,  
As made his name, more famous than the rest.*

Soldiours  
vwho (for  
their ovvn  
long con-  
tinuance  
in seruice)  
do seeme  
to despise  
all other  
of latter  
time, and  
especially  
such as are  
learned.

These bloody beafts, apeare not in my glasse,  
VVhich cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,  
Nor haue respect, to age nor yet to kinde:  
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.  
VVhose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,  
That few regard, the very wrath of God,  
VVhich greeued is, at cries of giltlesse blood.  
*Pericles was, a famous man of warre,  
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,  
VVherof he was the general in charge.  
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce*

Soldiours  
ouer cruel  
vvithout  
any re-  
gard.



*In Clemencie, than bloody victorie.  
 Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,  
 VWho whifpered, and tolde his valiant facts)  
 You haue forgot, my greateſt glorie got.  
 For yet (by me, nor mine occaſion)  
 VWas neuer ſene, a mourning garment worne.  
 O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.  
 Beleue me (Lord) a fouldiour cannot haue  
 Too great regarde, whereon his knife ſhould cut.*

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,  
 And ſhewe their ſcarres to euery commer by,  
 Dare once beſeene, within my glaſſe of Steele,  
 For ſo the faults, of *Thraſo* and his trayne,  
 (Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)  
 Might ſone appeare, to euery ſkilful eye.  
*Bolde Manlius, could cloſe and wel conuey*  
*Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,*  
*Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.*

Braggers  
and ſuch  
as boſt  
of their  
vwounds.

2

What ſhould I ſpeake, of drunken Soldiours?  
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy luſt?  
 Of whom that one, can fit and bybbe his fil,  
 Conſume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,  
 To ſuch as march, and moue at his commaunde)  
 And makes himſelfe, a worthy mocking ſtocke  
 Which might deſerue, (by fobre life) great laude.  
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes  
 In vaine delight, and foule concupiſcence,  
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.  
 Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade  
 Vnder the belt, of ſuch as ſhould him ferue,  
 And ſo becoms, example of much euil,  
 Which ſhould haue ſervde, as lanterne of good life  
 And is controlde, whereas he ſhould commaund.  
*Auguſtus Cæſar*, he which might haue made  
 Both feaſts and banquets brauely as the beſt,  
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,  
 And ſeldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Drunken  
and leche-  
rous ſol-  
diours.

*Aristomenes*, dayned to defende  
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,  
And rather chofe, to die in their defence,  
Then filthy men, should foyle their chaſtitie.  
This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayfe.

5

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,  
Behold my glaſſe, and you ſhall ſee therein,  
Proud *Craſſus* bagges, confumde by couetiſe,  
Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenneſſe,  
*Cæſar* and *Pompey*, ſplit with priuy grudge,  
*Brennus* beguild, with lightneſſe of beliefe,  
*Cleómenes*, by ryot not regarded,  
*Vefpaſian*, diſdayned for deceit,  
*Demetrius*, light fet by for his luſt,  
Whereby at laſt, he dyed in priſon pent.

Hereto percaſe, ſome one man will alledge,  
That Princes pence, are purſed vp ſo cloſe,  
And faires do fall ſo ſeldome in a yeare,  
That when they come, prouiſion muſt be made  
To fende the froſt, in hardeſt winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaſſe of mine,  
*Iuſtinian*, that proude vngrateful prince,  
Which made to begge, bold *Belifarius*  
His truſtie man, which had ſo ſtoutly fought  
In his defence, with evry enemy.  
And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,  
Which ſuffred him (that had ſo truely ſerued)  
To leade pore life. at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,  
VWhich did deferue, ſuch worthy recompence.  
Yea herewithal, moſt Souldiours of our time,  
Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iuſtinian*  
Did neuer die, without good ſtore of heyres.  
And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,  
Such yſſewe ſprings, of ſuch vnpleſant budds,

Vngrateful  
Princes.

But ſhal I ſay? this leſſon learne of me,



VWhen drums are dumb, and found not dub a dub, <sup>VWhat e-  
uery sol-  
diour  
should be  
in time of  
peace.</sup>  
Then be thou eke, as inewet as a mayde  
(I preach this fermon but to fouldiours)  
And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.  
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleeue  
For futes of filke, when cloth may ferue thy turne,  
Let not thy fcores, come robbe thy needy purse,  
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,  
VWhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,  
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then ferue againe,  
And flint to steale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftfman? take thee to thine arte,  
And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?  
Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,  
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,  
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)  
Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,  
And so to get, a right renoumed name,  
Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,  
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.  
Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glaffe.  
High time were then, to turne my very pen,  
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.  
And here to write, the fumme of my conceit,  
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,  
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and fowe,  
Which fwinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and  
And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain, [snort

But he that labors any kind of way.  
 To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,  
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests.  
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth,  
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)  
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.  
 All officers, all aduocates at lawe,  
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,  
 Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

Peasant

A strange deuise, and fure my Lord wil laugh,  
 To see it so, defegsted in degrees.  
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,  
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,  
 Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde)  
 He that can share, from euery pention payde  
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounce,  
 He that can plucke, fir *Bennet* by the sleeue,  
 And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,  
 He that can winke, at any foule abuse,  
 As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,  
 Shal such come see themfelues in this my glasse?  
 Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?  
 Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?  
 How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,  
 With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,  
 How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,  
 How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,  
 How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,  
 I compt them worfe, than harmeles homely bindes,  
 Which toyle in dede, to ferue our common vse.

Officers

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,  
 And yet their one eye, sharpe as *Linceus* fight,  
 That one eye winks, as though it were but bly d,  
 That other pries and peekes in euery place.  
 Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?  
 He shal be fure, to drinke vpon the whippe.  
 But priuie gaine, (that bribing bufie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch so low,  
As officers, can neuer see him flyde,  
Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.  
He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,  
Whereas long since, all officers were seene  
To be men made, out of another mould.

*Epamynond*, of whome I spake before  
(Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)  
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,  
VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.  
And thus he spake, to such as fought his helpe :

If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,  
Then wil I do, it for the vertues sake :  
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.  
If so it be, for this my common weale,  
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both

There  
to fevv  
such of-  
ficers.

To see it done, withouten furdur words.  
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,  
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy  
Vnto the state, which I pretende to stay,  
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth  
Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* steps?  
Or who can byde, *Cambyfes* cruel dome? .  
Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good fir)  
For iustice sleepe, and Troth is iested out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)  
Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,  
To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues.

False  
iudges

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,  
And *Marcus Craffius* had none issue male,  
*Cicero* slipt, vnfene out of this world,  
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, *Aduocats.*  
And were content, to vse their eloquence,

In maintenance, of matters that were good.  
*Demosthenes*, in *Athens* vsde his arte,  
 (Not for to heape, himselfe great hounds of gold,  
 But) stil to slay, the towne from deepe deceite  
 Of *Philips* wyles, which had besieged it.  
 Where shal we reade, that any of these foure  
 Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?  
 Or who can say, they builded sumpteously?  
 Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?  
 They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,  
 And yet content, to vse their best deuoir,  
 In furthering, eche honest harmelesse cause.  
 They did not rowte (like rude vnringed swine,)  
 To roote nobilitie from heritage.  
 They floode content, with gaine of glorious fame,  
 (Bycause they had, respect to equitie)  
 To leade a life, like true Philofophers.  
 Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates  
 That euer loude their fees aboue the cause,  
 I cannot see, (scarce one) that is so bolde  
 To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie  
 In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)  
 He shewes himselfe, to be by very kinde  
 A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,  
 To do final right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauaile ought Merchant. 15. X  
 Commodiously, to doe his cuntry good,  
 And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,  
 Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*  
 Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.  
 And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires  
 Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,  
*Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales.*

O painted fooles, whose harebrainde heads must haue  
 More clothes attones, than might become a king:  
 For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes must spin,  
 Forwhom they carde, forwhom they weaue their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,  
 (I speake not this by english courtiers  
 Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)  
 For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,  
 For whom these purples come from *Perfia*,  
 The crimosine, and liuely red from *Inde*:  
 For whom soft filks, do sayle from *Sericane*,  
 And all queint costs, do come from fardest coasts:  
 Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9  
 Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,  
 Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,  
 His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,  
 To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,  
 And neuer carde, for filks or sumptuous cost,  
 For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,  
 For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.  
 He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,  
 VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and faurie salt  
 And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont.  
 To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,  
 (To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*),  
 To teach yong men, the trade to fel browne paper,  
 Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,  
 To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.  
 To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,  
 To stay their steps, by statute Staples stasse,  
 To rule yong roysters, with *Recognisance*,  
 To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day,  
 In VVoodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery  
 (VVhere such schoolmaisters keepe their countinghouse)  
 To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,  
 To keepe their byrds, ful clofe in caytiues cage,  
 (Who being brought, to libertie at large,  
 Might sing perchaunce, abroad, when funne doth shine  
 Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)  
 Vntill the canker may their corpsc consume.

S These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,  
 Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.  
 But holla : here, I see a wondrous fight,  
 I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse :  
 Beholde, behold, I see a fwarme in deede  
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wife,  
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,  
 But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,  
 And yet they seme, so heauenly for to see,  
 As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,  
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,  
 Their comly beards, and heare, of siluer wiers.  
 And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.  
 What should they be, (my Lord) what should they be ?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.  
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,  
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world,  
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holyneffe,  
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.  
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie fooode,  
 VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,  
 Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkeneffe,  
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.  
 Which neuer fawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits.  
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,  
 Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,  
 Which thunder threts, of gods most greuous wrath,  
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in flore.

Priest.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,  
 Descended from, *Melchisedec* by line  
 Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,  
 These be my priests, the feafning of the earth  
 VVhich wil not leese, their Savrinesse, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)



Vvil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,  
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of thefe, wil reade the holy write  
Which doth forbid, all greedy vfurie,  
And yet receiue, a fhilling for a pounce.

Not one of thefe, wil preach of patience,  
And yet be found, as angry as a wafpe,

Not one of thefe, can be content to fit  
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehoufes all day,  
But fpends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of thefe, will rayle at rulers wrongs,  
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of thefe, will paint out worldly pride,  
And he himfelfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of thefe, rebuketh auarice,  
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of thefe, reproueth vanitie  
(Whiles he himfelfe, with hauke vpon his fif  
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of thefe, corrects contentions,  
For trifling things: and yet will fue for tythes.

Not one of thefe (not one of thefe my Lord)  
Wil be afhamde, to do euen as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,  
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.

My priests can faft, and vse al abftinence,  
From vice and finne, and yet refufe no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wife,  
And loue alfo, to do good almes dedes,  
Although they trust, not in their owne deferts.

My priettes can place, all penance in the hart,  
VVithout regârd, of outward ceremonies.



My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,  
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?  
Although they were, the last that shewed themfelues,  
I faide at first, their office was to pray,  
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,  
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,  
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades  
I wil presume, (although I be no priest)  
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe, The poets Beades.  
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)  
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,  
And that his church (which now is Militant)  
May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,  
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,  
VWhich walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy finne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,  
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all estates, For Princes.  
VWhich sway the sworde, of royal gouernment,  
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare  
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,  
Else I deserue, to lese both beades, and bones)  
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,  
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey  
That here they reigne, not onely for themfelues,  
And that they be but slaues to common welth,  
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps  
Shal scant fuffize, to hold it stil vpright.

Tell some (in *Spain*) how close they kepe their clofets,  
How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,  
While as (mene while) their sunburnt futours sterue  
And pine before, their proceffe be prefferde.  
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,  
To such a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

While futours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.  
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,  
In setting forth, of right religion :  
Which more esleme, the present pleasures here,  
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.  
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,  
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) princes, how they winke  
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forfooth)  
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste :  
When as (in dede they be the sinkes of sinne.  
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute  
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,  
When he himselte, commaundeth euery man  
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be  
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,  
Al magistrates, al counsellours, and all  
That sit in office or Authoritie.  
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede  
Do sway their minds, from furthering of right,  
That they be not, too faintish nor too fowre,  
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,  
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,  
Which is accused, absent as he is :  
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue  
The mouth which makes, the information,  
That faults forpasse (so that they be not huge,  
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)  
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,  
When as they see, repentance hold the reines  
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.  
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,  
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.  
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,  
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

For al no-  
bilitie and  
counselors

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues, <sup>For the</sup>  
 For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests <sup>clergie.</sup>  
 And al that preach, or otherwise proffesse  
 Gods holy word, and take the cure of foules.  
 Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,  
 Make walke vpright, in your vocation.  
 And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,  
 To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therewithal, that some, (I see them I  
 VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all asarre,  
 For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)  
 Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,  
 So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough  
 And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)  
 Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts  
 Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe*.  
 Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to faye, that some do (Romainelike)  
 Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.  
 And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.

Pray that the foules, of fundrie damned gofts,  
 Do not come in, and bring good euidence  
 Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,  
 Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge  
 Til secret finnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks  
 And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy woofe,  
 And left the folde, vnfended from the fox  
 Which durst not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.  
 Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,  
 I meane the worthy Vniuersities,

(And *Cantabridge*, thal haue the dignitie,  
 Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)  
 That they bring vp their babes in decent wise :  
 That *Philosophy*, smel no secret smoke,  
 Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries :  
 That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery stile,  
 Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,  
 With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.  
 That *Sophistrie*, do not deceiue it selfe,  
 That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,  
 And such as be, *Historiographers*,  
 Trust not to much, in euery tatlying tong,  
 Nor blynded be, by partialitie.  
 That *Phisicke*, thriue not ouer fast by murder :  
 That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds  
 Do not forget, that only *Vnitie*  
 Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.  
 That *Geometrie*, meafure not so long,  
 Til all their meafures out of meafure be :  
 That *Musike* with, his heauenly harmonic,  
 Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,  
 Nor fet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,  
 Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :  
 That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache :  
 That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,  
 And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corosiuues,  
 Yet panper vp hir owne with pulteffes :  
 Or that she dote not vppon *Erato*,  
 Which should inuoke the good *Caliope* :  
 That *Astrologie*, looke not ouer high,  
 And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit :  
 That *Grammer* grudge not at our english tong,  
 Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,  
 And cannot be declined as others are.  
 Pray thus (my priests for vniuersities.  
 And if I haue forgotten any Arte,  
 Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,  
 Pray you to god, the good be not abused,  
 With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

For all  
learned.

Now theſe be paſt, (my prieſts) yet ſhal you pray  
 For common people, eche in his degree, For the Cominaltie  
 That God vouchſafe to graunt them al his grace.  
 Where ſhould I now beginne to bidde my beades?  
 Or who ſhal firſt be put in common place?  
 My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,  
 I cannot ſee who beſt deſerues the roome,  
 Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,  
 Yet fo the Sayler faith I do him wrong:  
 That one contends, his paines are without peare,  
 That other faith, that none be like to his,  
 In dede they labour both exceedingly.  
 But ſince I ſee no ſhipman that can liue  
 Without the plough, and yet I many ſee  
 (Which liue by lande) that neuer ſawe the ſeas:  
 Therefore I ſay, ſtand forth *Peerce* plowman firſt,  
 Thou winſt the roome, by verie worthineſſe.

Behold him (prieſts) and though he ſlink of ſweat  
 Diſdaine him not: for ſhal I tel you what? The plowman  
 Such clime to heauen, before the heauen crownes.  
 But how? forfooth, with true humilytie.  
 Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,  
 Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,  
 Nor that they fet, debate betwene their lords,  
 By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:  
 Nor for becauſe, they can both crowche and creep  
 (The guilefulſt men, that euer God yet made)  
 VVhen as they meane, moſt miſchiefe and deceite,  
 Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,  
 And ſay they racke, their rents an ace to high,  
 VVhen they themſelues, do ſel their landlords lambe  
 For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.  
 I ſee you *Peerce*, my glaſſe was lately ſcowrde.  
 But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,  
 Both King and Knight, and prieſts in cloyſter pent:  
 Therefore I ſay, that ſooner ſome of them  
 Shal ſcale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,  
 Than cornfed beaſts, whoſe bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Peerce*,  
 As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.  
 And if you haue a *Pateroster* spare  
 Then shal you pray, for *Saylers* (God them fend  
 More mind of him, when as they come to lande,  
 For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)  
 That they once learne, to speake without a lye,  
 And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes :  
 That they forget, to steale from euery freight,  
 And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,  
 That manners make, them giue their betters place,  
 And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,  
 And say, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,  
 To pray for al, which seme to do amisse :  
 And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,  
 VVhich asketh me, when shal our prayers end ?  
I tel thee (priest) when shoemakers make shoes,  
That are wel fowed, with neuer a slich amisse,  
Aud vse no craffe, in vttring of the fame :  
 VVhen Taylours steale, no fluffe from gentlemen,  
 VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,  
 And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry.  
 when Cutlers leaue, to sel olde rustie blades,  
 And hide no crackes, with foder nor deceit :  
 when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,  
 when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,  
 when colliers put, no dust into their sacks,  
 when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,  
 when Dauie Diker diggs, and dallies not,  
 when smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,  
 when millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,  
 when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,  
 when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,  
 when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,  
 when horsecorfers, beguile no friends with lades,



when weauers weight, is found in hufwiues web.  
(But why dwel I, fo long among thefe lowts?)

VVhen mercers make, more bones to fwere and iye,  
VVhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,  
VVhen printers paffe, none errours in their bookes,  
VVhen hatters vfe, to bye none olde caft robes,  
VVhen goldsmithes get, no gains by fodred crownes,  
When vpholsters, fel fethers without duft,  
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,  
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,  
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,  
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.  
(Tufh thefe are toys, but yet my glas fheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themfelues,  
VVhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vfe no brags,  
When customers, conceale no covine vfde,  
VVhen Seachers fee, al corners in a fhippe,  
(And fpie no pens by any fight they fee)  
VVhen shriues do ferue, al proceffe as they ought,  
VVhen baylifes ftrain, none other thing but ftrays,  
VVhen auditours, their counters cannot change,  
VVhen proude furueyours, take no parting pens,  
VVhen Siluer flicks not on the Tellers fingers,  
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,  
When al thefe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my prielts) a little by your leaue)  
VVhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,  
But are efpied, for *Ecchoes*, as they are,  
When roysters ruffle not aboue their rule,  
Nor colour crafte, by fwearing precious coles:  
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,  
A peece of breade, and therewithal a bobbe  
VVhen *Lays* liues, not like a ladies peare,  
Nor vfeth art, in dying of hir heare.  
When al thefe things, are ordred as they ought,  
And fee themfelues, within my glafie of fteele,  
Euen then (my prielts) may you make holyday,



And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)  
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of Steele  
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,  
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.  
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such  
To see men so) I may perceiue my selfe.  
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,  
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

*FINIS.*

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*



# EPILOGVS.



Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,  
 I shut my glaffe, before you gafde  
 your fill,  
 And at a glimfe, my feely felfe haue  
 fpied,  
 A stranger trowpe, than any yet  
 were fene :

Beholde (my lorde) what monfters  
 mufter here,

With Angels face, and harmefull helifh harts,  
 With fmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,  
 With tender skinnes, and ftony cruel mindes,  
 With stealing fteppes, yet forward feete to fraude.  
 Behold, behold, they neuer flande content, ✓  
 With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,  
 But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,  
 But dye their heare, with fundry fubtill fleights,  
 But paint and flicke, til fayreft face be foule,  
 But bumbaft, bolfter, frifle, and perfume :  
 They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,  
 And dig for death, in delicateft difhes.  
 The yonger forte, come pyping on apace,  
 In whiffles made of fine enticing wood,  
 Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.  
 The elder forte, go flatly stalking on,  
 And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,  
 Castles and Towres, reuenewes and receits,  
 Lordships, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.  
 What fhould thefe be ? (fpeake you my louely lord)  
 They be not men : for why ? they haue no beards.  
 They be no boyes, which weare fuch fide long gowns.  
 They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloffe.  
 They be no diuels, (I trow) which feme fo faintifh.  
 What be they ? women ? masking in mens weedes ?

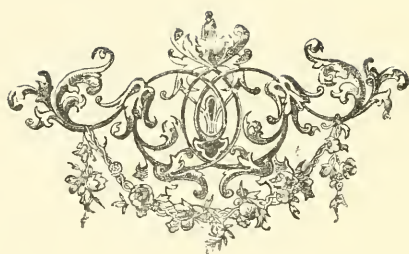
With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?  
 With Spanish spangs, and ruffes fet out of France,  
 With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?  
 They be so sure euen *VVo to Men* in dede.

Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,  
 High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,  
 Since al the hands, al paper. pen, and inke,  
 Which euer yet, this wretched world possesse,  
 Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,  
 No no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,  
 (And I too much, God pardon me therfore)  
 Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:  
 And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.  
 But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,  
 VVe wil espie, some funny Sommers day,  
 To loke againe, and see some femely fights.  
 Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth besech,  
 That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,  
 Vntil my braines, may better stufte deuise.

*FINIS:*

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*





The complaynt  
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by  
*George Gascoigne*  
Esquire.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*



IMPRINTED AT  
*London by Henrie Binne-*  
man for Richarde

Smith.

*Anno Domini* 1576.

To the right honorable, my  
 singuler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of  
 Wilton, Knight of the most noble  
 order of the Garter.



Yght noble, when I had determined with myself to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glasfe*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abused by the bloody king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares past, I had begonne an *Elegye* or sorrowfull song, called the *Complainte of Phylomene*, the which I began too deuise riding by the high way betwene Chelmissford and London, and being ouertaken with a fodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinisshed: and so it hath continued euer since vntil this present moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glasfe*. And bycause I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glasfe*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and pece vp the faide *Complaint* of *Phylomene*, obseruing neuerthelesse the same determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is faide) twelue yeares nowe past. The which I presume with the rest to present vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder besече that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with these rude lines, but besech of the almightie long to preferue you to his pleasure. From my pore house in VValkamstowe the sixtenth of April 1575.

Your *L. bounden and most assured*  
*George Gascoigne.*

# PHILOMENE.



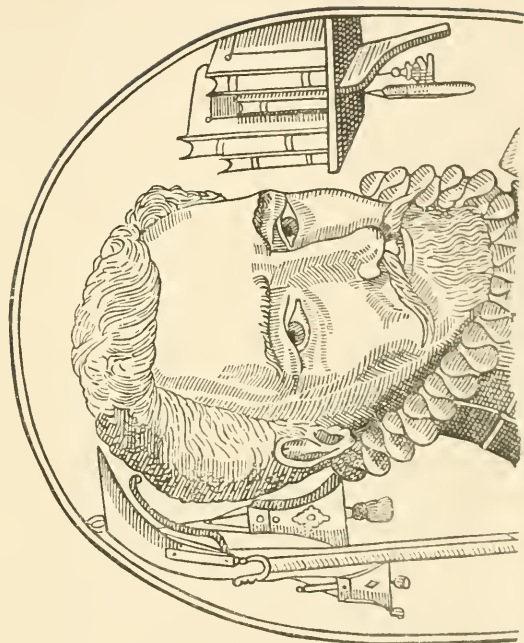
IN sweet April, the messenger to  
May,  
When hoonie drops, do melt in  
golden showres,  
When euery byrde, records hir  
louers lay,  
And westerne windes, do foster forth  
our floures,  
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,  
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,  
And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane,  
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.

These thriftles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,  
In needleffe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,  
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway  
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.  
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,  
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,  
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,  
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.  
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,  
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,  
Yet feely foule, that can no fauour finde)  
I begge my breade, and feke for feedes at large.  
The Throstle she, which makes the wood to ring  
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,  
Is costly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)  
The Mauike eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,  
Now in good sooth (quoth she) sometimes I wepe  
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much fet by.  
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,  
Is fedde awel, nay better farre than I.  
The Lennet and the Larke, they singe alofte,  
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.  
The Brandlet faith, for singing sweete and softe,  
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.



Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,  
 And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole :  
 The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,  
 And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.  
 And yet could I, if so it were my minde,  
 For harmony, fet al these babes to schole,  
 And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde  
 Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole  
 But should I so? no no so wil I not.  
 Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.  
 (For like to like, the prouerbe faith I wot)  
 And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?  
 For such vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,  
 To sucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?  
 And rather praise, the chattring of a pye,  
 Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?  
 Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,  
 The iangling lay, for that becomes them wel.  
 And in the silent night then let them walke,  
 To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.  
 And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine  
 My pleasant voice, to founde, at their request.  
 But shrowd my selfe, in darkefome night and raine,  
 And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neast.  
 Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percase)  
 To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,  
 It shalbe done, in some such secrete place,  
 That fewe or none, may thervnto resort.  
 These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,  
 Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song.  
 But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,  
 Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.  
 And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,  
 There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,  
 For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)  
 He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night :  
 And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.  
 But such a liuely song (now by this light)



♣ The Steele Glas.

A Satyre cōpiled by George

Gascoigne Esquire.

Together with  
The Complainte of Phylomene.

*An Elegie deuised by*  
the same Author.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

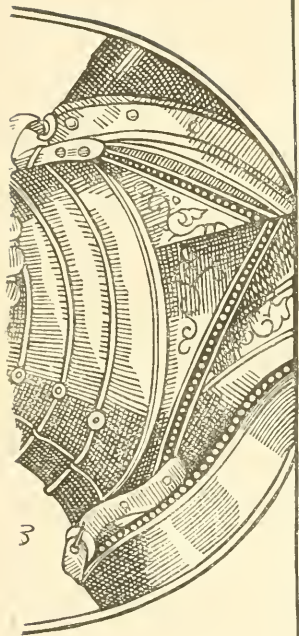


*Printed for Richard Smith.*



TAM MARTI QVAM MERCVRIO:.

TAM MARTI QVAM MERCVRIO:-



Yet neuer hearde I such another note.  
 It was (thought me) so pleafant and fo plaine,  
*Orpheus* harpe, was neuer halfe fo sweete,  
*Tereu, Tereu*, and thus ſhe gan to plaine,  
 Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy*,  
 And that ſhe did, in pleaſant wiſe repeate,  
 With ſweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,  
 But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of grieve were greate.  
 For when ſhe had, ſo ſoong and taken breath,  
 Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart ſo throbbe,  
 As though it had bene, ouercome with death,  
 And yet alwayes, in euery figh and fobbe,

She ſhewed great ſkil, for tunes of vnifone,  
 Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug*, (in grieve) had ſuch a grace.  
 Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.  
 And ere that paſt, not ful a furlong ſpace,  
 She gan againe, in melodie to melt,  
 And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.  
 Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)  
 Remember al, which hir ſweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt  
 And that ſaide thus: *Nemefis, Nemefis*,  
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir breaſt,  
 As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir finging founded ſo,  
 And pleaſde mine eares, with ſuch varietie,  
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,  
 Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)  
 I ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therewith content,  
 Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,  
 Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,  
 Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)  
 I might therewith, one furdur fauor craue,  
 To vnderſtand, what hir ſwete notes might meane.  
 And in that thought, (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.  
 And in my slomber, had I such a fight,  
 As yet to thinke thereon doth glad my minde.  
 Me thought I sawe a derling of delight,  
 A stately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde.  
 Whose glittering gite, so glimfed in mine eyes,  
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,  
 Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuise,  
 To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.  
 But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)  
 She cast sometimes, a grievous frowning glance,  
 As who would say : by this it may appeare,  
 That *Iust reuenge*, is *Prell for euery chance*,  
 In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)  
 She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,  
 And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,  
 Beboft with gold, and many a glingling ring :  
 She came apace, and stately did she stay,  
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,  
 The courteous dame, these words to me did say :  
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,  
 To vnderstande, the notes of *Phylomene*,  
 (For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)  
 And what the founde, of euery note might meane,  
 Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,  
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,  
 With fauour eke, they furdre such affaires,  
 As tende to good, and meane to do none il.  
 And since thy words, were grounded on desire,  
 Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,  
 They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,  
 And louingly, haue sent me here bylowe,  
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,  
 Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely spend in spring,  
 For he that wel, *Dan Nasfos* verses notes,  
 Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.  
 Giue eare (sir Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel  
 Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.



## The fable of Philomela.



*I*N *Athens* reignde somtimes,  
A king of worthy fame,  
VVho kept in courte a flately  
traine,  
*Pandyon* was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,  
No holly breade of happe,  
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke  
They fit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,  
Lyen dead with him in toombe.  
Ne but himfelfe had none endure,  
The daunger of his doome.

But fmyling lucke, bewitcht,  
This peereleffe Prince to thinke,  
That poyfon cannot be conueyde  
In draughts of pleafant drinke.

And kinde became fo kind,  
That he two daughters had,  
Of bewtie fuch and fo wel giuen,  
As made their father gladde.

*See : fee : how higheft harmes,  
Do lurke in ripeft Ioyes,  
How couertly doth forow shrowde,  
In trymmefl worldly toyes.*

These iewels of his ioy,  
 Became his cause of care,  
 And bewtie was the guileful bayte,  
 VVhich caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,  
 Bycause he came of kings,  
 (So weddings made for worldly welth  
 Do feme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,  
*Pandyons* heire to wedde:  
 VVhose eldest daughter chofen was,  
 To ferue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,  
 And she by whom I meane,  
 To tell this woful *Tragedie*,  
 VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rites performde,  
 The feasting done and past,  
 To *Thrace* with his new wedded spouse  
 He turneth at the last.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,  
 And iolytie they spent,  
 Both satisfied with deepe delight,  
 And cloyde with al content.

¶ At last the dame desired  
 Hir sister for to see,  
 Such coles of kindly loue did seme  
 VVithin hir brest to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,  
 He graunts to hir request,  
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,  
 VVhere *Phylomene* doth rest.

He past the foming seas,  
And findes the pleasant porte,  
Of *Athens* towne, which guided him  
To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receivde,  
And) welcomde by the king,  
He shewde the cause, which thither then  
Did his ambassade bring.

His father him embraßt,  
His sifler kist his cheeke,  
In al the court his coming was  
Reioyft of euerie Greeke.

*O see the sweete deceit,  
Which blindeth worldly wits,  
How common peoples loue by lumps,  
And fancie comes by fits.*

*The foe in friendly wise,  
Is many times embraste,  
And he which meanes most faith and troth  
By grudging is disgrast.*

† Faire *Phylomene* came forth  
In comely garments cladde,  
As one whom newes of sisters helth  
Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)  
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,  
To get more grace by crummes of cost,  
And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no sooner sawe  
(I meane this *Thracian* prince)  
But streight therwith his fancies fume  
All reason did conuince.

## THE COMPLAINT

And as the blazing bronde,  
Might kindle rotten reeds :  
Euen so hir looke a secrete flame,  
Within his bofome breeds.

He thinks al leysure long  
Til he (with hir) were gone,  
And hir he makes to moue the mirth,  
VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent  
And if he cravde too much,  
He then excufde him felfe, and faide  
That *Prognos* words were fuch.

His teares confirmed all  
Teares : like to fifters teares,  
As who fhuld fay by thefe fewe drops  
Thy fifters grieve appeares.

So finely could he faine,  
That wickedneffe feemde wit,  
And by the lawde of his pretence,  
His lewdneffe was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* fet forth  
The force of his request,  
And cravde (with fighes) hir fathers leaue  
To be hir fifters gueft.

And hoong about his necke  
And collingly him kift,  
And for hir welth did feke the woe  
VVherof the little wift.

Meane while ftoode *Tereus*,  
Beholding their affectes  
And made thofe pricks (for his defire  
A fpurre in al refpects.

And wisht himselfe hir fire,  
VVhen she hir fire embrast,  
For neither kith nor kin could then  
Haue made his meaning chaft.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not  
The powre for to denay,  
His own deare child, and sonne in lawe  
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,  
To thanke him on hir knee,  
Supposing that for good succeffe,  
VVhich hardest happe must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)  
Their shipping is preparte :  
And to the shore this aged Greeke,  
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)  
He vſde this parting speech :  
Daughter (quoth he) you haue deſire  
Your fiſters court to ſeech.

Your fiſter ſeemes likewiſe,  
Your companie to craue,  
That craue you both, and *Tereus* here  
The ſelfe ſame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withſtande  
So many deepe deſires,  
But this (quoth he) remember al  
Your father you requires,

And thee (my ſonne of *Thrace*,)  
I conſtantly coniure,  
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,  
And al that ſeemeth ſure,

That father like, thou fende  
 My daughter deare from scathe,  
 And (since I counte al leasure long)  
 Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,  
 (Quoth he) come foone againe,  
 Thy sisters absence puts thy fyre,  
 To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,  
 And sent a second kisse  
 For *Progne*s part, and (bathde with teares)  
 His daughter doth he bliffe.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand  
 For token of his truth,  
 VVho rather laught his teares to scorn,  
 Than wept with him for ruth.

The sayles are fully spreddē,  
 And winds did serue at will,  
 And forth this traitour king conueies  
 His praie in prifon still.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,  
 Conceale his filthy fyre,  
*Hey: Viſtorie* (quoth he) my shippe  
 Is fraught with my desire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,  
 Vppon hir fearefull face,  
 And stil behelde hir gestures all,  
 And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a ſide,  
 But like the cruel catte  
 VVhich gloating caſteth many a glance  
 Vpon the ſelly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long discourſe?  
 They now are come on lande,  
 And forth of ſhip the feareful wenche  
 He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a felly throwde,  
 A ſheepecote cloſely builde  
 Amid the woodds, where many a lamb  
 Their guiltleſſe bloud had pilte,

There (like a lambe,) ſhe floode,  
 And askte with trimbling voice,  
 VVhere *Progne* was, whoſe only fight  
 Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king  
 His luſt in lewdneſſe lapt,  
 And with his filthy fraude ful faſt  
 This ſimple mayde entrapte.

And forth he floong the raines,  
 Vnbridling blinde deſire,  
 And ment of hir chaſt minde to make  
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)  
 VVith force he hir ſuppreſt,  
 And made hir yelde the wicked weedē  
 VVhoſe flowre he liked beſt.

*What could the virgine doe?  
 She could not runne away,  
 Whoſe forward feete, his harmfull hands  
 With furious force did ſlay.*

*Ah! what ſhould ſhe fight?  
 Fewe women win by fight:  
 Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)  
 And he was much of might.*



*It booted not to crie,  
 Since helpe was not at hande,  
 And stil before hir feareful face,  
 Hir cruel foe did stande.*

*And yet she (weeping cride)  
 Vppon hir sisters name,  
 Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)  
 Whose faete did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods she calde,  
 For helpe in hir distresse,  
 But al in vaine he wrought his wil  
 Whose lusi was not the lesse.*

¶ The filthie fact once done,  
 He gaue hir leaue to greete,  
 And there she sat much like a birde  
 New scape from falcons feete.

VVhose blood embrues hir selfe,  
 And fitts in forie plight,  
 Ne dare she proine hir plumes again,  
 But feares a second flight.

At last when hart came home,  
 Discheveld as she fate,  
 VVith hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,  
 To wreake hir woful state.

*O Barbrous blood (quoth she)  
 By Barbrous deeds disgrast,  
 Could no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,  
 Within thy brest be plasse?*

*Could not my fathers hests,  
 Nor my most ruthful teares,  
 My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,  
 Affright thy minde with feares?*

*Could not my sisters loue  
Once quench thy filthy lust?  
Thou foilst vs al, and eke thy selfe,  
We griev'd, and thou vniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde  
My dearest sisters bedde  
By thee I compt the life but lost,  
Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou Bigamus)  
Our fathers grieffe must growe,  
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)  
Vppon thee did bestowe.*

*But since my faulte, thy faulte,  
My fathers iust offence,  
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,  
I cannot so dispence.*

*If any Gods be good  
If right in heauen do raigne,  
If right or wrong may make reuenge,  
Thou shalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurst,  
Thou canst no more but kil:  
And oh that death (before this gilte)  
Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my foule beneath,  
Haue triumpht yet and saide,  
That though I died discontent,  
I liue and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir swelling fobbes,  
Did tie hir tong from talke,  
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)  
To heare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast  
 At hir a frowning glaunce,  
 VVhich made the mayde to striue for spech,  
 And flertling from hir traunce,

¶ *I wil reuenge (quoth she)*  
*For here I shake off shame,*  
*And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte*  
*Therby to foile thy fame.*

*Amidde the thickest throngs*  
*(If I haue leaue to go)*  
*I will pronounce this bloudie deede,*  
*And blotte thine honor so.*

*If I in deserts dwell,*  
*The woods, my words shal heare,*  
*The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,*  
*Shall witnesse with me beare.*

*I will so fil the ayre*  
*With noyse of this thine acte,*  
*That gods and men in heauen and earth*  
*Shal note the naughtie facte.*

¶ These words amaze the king,  
 Conscience with choller straue,  
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,  
 That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife  
 Ful despratly he drawes,  
 VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong  
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,  
 The tong that tolde but truthe,  
 The tong that movde him to be mad,  
 And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight  
This truſtie tongue he caſt,  
VVhoſe roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)  
Did wagge yet wondrous faſt.

So ſtirres the ſerpents taile  
VVhen it is cut in twaine,  
And ſo it ſeemes that weakeſt willes,  
(By words) would eaſe their paine.

I bluſh to tell this tale,  
But ſure beſt books ſay this :  
That yet the butcher did not bluſh  
Hir bloody mouth to kiſſe.

And ofte hir bulke embraſt,  
And ofte quencht the fire,  
VVhich kindled had the furnace firſt,  
Within his foule defire.

Not herewithal content,  
To *Progne* home he came,  
VVho aſkt him ſtreight of *Philomene* :  
He (ſayning grieve of game,)

Burſt out in bitter teares,  
And ſayde the dame was dead,  
And falſly tolde, what very life  
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene caſt off  
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,  
And dreſt in dole, bewailde hir death  
VVhom ſhe thought dead in deede.

A ſepulchre ſhe builds  
(But for a liuing corſe,)  
And praide the gods on ſiſters foule  
To take a juſt remorſe :

And offred sacrifice,  
 To all the powers aboue.  
 Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,  
 This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute  
 Twelue yeeres in order due  
 And twelue times euery flowre and plant,  
 Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full clofe  
 In shepcote flil was clapt,  
 Enforst to bide by stonie walles  
 VVhich fast (in hold) hir hapt.

And as those walles forbadde  
 Hir feete by flight to scape,  
 So was hir tong (by knife) restrainde,  
 For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde  
 But onely womans witte,  
 VVhich fodainly in queintest chance,  
 Can best it selfe acquit.

*And Miserie (amongst)*  
*Tenne thousand mischieues moe,*  
*Learnes pollicie in practises,*  
*As prooffe makes men to knowe.*

VVith curious needle worke,  
 A garment gan she make,  
 Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,  
 And al for bewties fake.

This garment gan she giue  
 To trustie Seruants hande,  
 VVho streight conueid it to the queen  
 Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

VWhen *Progne* red the writ,  
(A wondrous tale to tell)  
She kept it clofe : though malice made  
Hir venging hart to fwell.

And did deferre the deede,  
Til time and place might fetue,  
But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,  
She fully did referue.

*O filence feldome feene,  
That women counfell keepe,  
The caufe was this, ſhe wakt hir wits  
And lulde hir tong on ſleepe.*

I ſpeake againſt my ſex,  
So haue I done before,  
But truth is truth, and muſte be tolde  
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,  
VWhich *Bacchus* to belong,  
And in that night the queene prepares  
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)  
VVith ſworde hir ſelfe doth arme,  
VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes  
And many a needles charme.<sup>†</sup>

And forth in furie flings,  
Hir handmaides following faſt,  
Vntil with haſtie ſteppes ſhe founde  
The ſhepecote at the laſt.

There howling out aloud,  
As *Bacchus* priſts do crie,  
She brake the dores, and found the place  
VWhere *Philomene* did lye.

And toke hir out by force,  
 And dreft hir *Bacchus* like,  
 And hid hir face with boughes and leaues  
 (For being knownen by like.)

And brought hir to hir houle,  
 But when the wretch it knewe,  
 That now againe she was so neere  
 To *Tireus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,  
 And lookt like ashes pale.  
 But *Progne* (now in priuie place)  
 Set silence al to fale,

And tooke the garments off,  
 Discouering first hir face,  
 And fister like did louingly  
 Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)  
 Held downe hir weeping eyes,  
 As who should say: *Thy right (by me)*  
*Is reste in wrongful wife.*

And down on the ground she falles,  
 VVhich ground she kist hir fill,  
 As witnesse that the filthie facte  
 VVas done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,  
 In fleede of tong to tell,  
 VVhat violence the lecher vsde,  
 And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off  
 Hir piteous pearcing plainte,  
 And sware with sworde (no teares) to venge  
 The crafte of this constrainte.



Or if (quoth she) there bee  
 Some other meane more fure,  
 More flearne, more floute, then naked fword  
 Some mifchiefe to procure,

I fweare by al the Gods,  
 I fhall the fame embrace,  
 To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande  
 Vppon the king of *Thrace*.

Ne will I fpare to fpende  
 My life in fifters caufe,  
 In fifters? ah what faide I wretch?  
 My wrong fhall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,  
 VVith al the princes pelfe,  
 And in the midft of flaming fire,  
 VVil cafte the king him felfe.

I wil fcrat out thofe eyes,  
 That taught him firft to luft,  
 Or teare his tong from traitors throte,  
 Oh that reuenge were iuft.

Or let me carue with knife,  
 The wicked Inftrument,  
 VVherewith he, thee, and me abusde  
 (I am to mifchiefe bent.)

Or fleeping let me feeke  
 To fende the foule to hel,  
 VVhofe barbarous bones for filthy force,  
 Did feeme to beare the bel.

¶ Thefe words and more in rage  
 Pronounced by this dame,  
 Hir little fonne came leaping in  
 VVhich *ſtis* had to name.

VVhose prefence, could not please  
 For (vewing well his face,)   
 Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he groweth  
 Vnto his fathers grace.

And therewithal refolvde  
 A rare reuenge in deede  
 VVheron to thinke (withouten words)  
 My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,  
 And cheerefully did smile,  
 And hung about his mothers necke  
 VVith easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)  
 His angrie mothers cheeke,  
 Her minde was movde to much remorse  
 And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,  
 But wept against hir will,  
 Such tender rewth of innocence,  
 Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (so furie wrought)  
 VVithin hir brest she felt,  
 That too much pitie made hir minde  
 Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sister sit,  
 VVith heauy harte and cheere,  
 And now on hir, and then on him,  
 Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she brust  
 (Quoth she) why flatters he?  
 And why againe (with tong cut out)  
 So fadly fitteth thee?

He, mother, mother calles,  
 She sister cannot say,  
 That one in earnest doth lament,  
 That other whines in plaie.

*Pandions* line (quoth she)  
 Remember still your race,  
 And neuer marke the subtil shewes  
 Of any Soule in *Thrace*.

You should degenerate,  
 If right reuenge you flake,  
 More right reuenge can neuer bee,  
 Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,  
 Al mischiefe vnder skies,  
 VVere pietie compard to that  
 VVhich *Tereus* did deuife.

¶ She holds no longer hande,  
 But (*Tygrelike*) she toke  
 The little boy ful boistroufly  
 VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)  
 She (mother) toke a blade,  
 And in hir sonnes smal tender hart  
 An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,  
 Betwene the sisters twaine  
 They tore in peces quarterly  
 The corps which they had flaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,  
 The rest they laide to fire,  
 And on the table caufed it,  
 Be set before the fire.

And counterfaite a caufe  
 (As *Grecians* order then)  
 That at fuch feafts; (but onely one)  
 They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,  
 Sat downe alone to eate,  
 And hungerly his owne warme bloud  
 Deuoured then for meate.

His ouerfight was fuch,  
 That he for *Itis* fent,  
 VVofe murdered members in his mawe,  
 He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,  
 Hir ioy of grieve could hide,  
 The thing thou feekft (ò wretch quoth ſhe)  
 VVithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)  
 And fearching for his fonne)  
 Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*  
 By whom the grieve begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,  
 VVherwith ſhe then was cladde,)  
 In fathers boſom caſt the head  
 Of *Itis* felly ladde :

Nor euer in hir life  
 Had more defire to ſpeake,  
 Than now : wherby hir madding mood  
 Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince ſtert vp,  
 VVhofe hart did boyle in breſt,  
 To feele the foode, and fee the ſawce,  
 VVhich he could not diſgeſt.

And armed (as he was)  
He followed both the *Greekes*,  
On whom (by finarte of sword, and flame)  
A sharpe reuenge he fokes.

But when the heauenly benche,  
Thefe bloudie deedes did fee,  
And found that bloud ſtil couits bloud  
And fo none ende could be.

They then by their forfight  
Thought meete to ſtinte the ſtrife,  
And fo reſtraind the murdring king,  
From ſiſter and from wife.

So that by their decree,  
The yongeſt daughter fledde  
Into the thicks, where couertly,  
A cloiſter life ſhe ledde.

And yet to eaſe hir woe,  
She worthily can ſing,  
And as thou hearſt, can pleaſe the eares  
Of many men in ſpring.

The eldeſt dame and wife  
A *Swallowe* was aſſignde,  
And builds in ſmoky chimney toppes  
And flies againſt the winde.

The king him ſelfe condemnde,  
A *Lapwing* for to be,  
VVho for his yong ones cries alwaiſ,  
Yet neuer can them fee.

The lad a Pheaſaunt cocke  
For his degree hath gaind,  
VVhoſe blouddie plumes declare the bloud  
VVherwith his face was ſtaind.

## THE COMPLAINT

¶ But there to turne my tale,  
The which I came to tell,  
Theyongest dame toforrests fled,  
And there is dampnde to dwell.

An exposition of al  
such notes  
as the nightingale dot(h)  
commonly vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde  
VVhich (*Philomela* hight)  
Delights for (feare of force againe)  
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the sunne to west,  
Doth bende his weerie course,  
Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,  
VVhich craueth iust remorse.

1 And for hir foremost note,  
*Tereu Tereu*, doth sing,  
Complaining stil vppon the name  
Of that false *Thracian* king.

Much like the childe at fchole  
VVith byrchen rodde fore beaten,  
If when he go to bed at night  
His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,  
And (ô good maister) cries,  
Euen so this byrde vppon that name,  
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,  
VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,  
Ful fast in foote, by winters night  
To fende themselves from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,  
For pitie let them scape,  
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,  
And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,  
 Ful many times do crie,  
 Remembring yet the ruthful plight  
 VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felly byrde,  
 Though now transformde in kinde,  
 Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,  
 She beareth stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,  
 She notes that cruel name,  
 By whom she lost hir pleasant speech  
 And foiled was in fame.

2 ¶ Hir second note is *fy*,  
 In Greeke and latine *phy*,  
 In english *fy*, and euery tong  
 That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares disdaine,  
 Or lothsome leying by  
 Of any thing we tast, heare, touche,  
 Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some sowre.  
 In hearing, some discorde,  
 In touch, some soule or filthy toye,  
 In smel, some sent abhorde.

In sight, some lothsome loke,  
 And euery kind of waie,  
 This byword phy betokneth bad,  
 And things to cast away.

So that it seemes hir well,  
*Phy, phy, phy, phy*, to sing,  
 Since *phy* befyteth him so well  
 In euery kind of thing.



Phy filthy lecher lewde,  
 Phy false vnto thy wife,  
 Phy coward phy, (on womankind)  
 To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,  
 Eye fierce, and foule forsworne,  
 Phy monster made of murdring mould  
 VVhose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,  
 Phy ouerthrowe of youth,  
 Phy mirrour of mischeuoufnesse,  
 Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,  
 Phy forging fyne excuse,  
 Phy periury, fy blasphemy,  
 Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyces, and many moe,  
 Pore *Philomene* may meane,  
 And in hir selfe she findes percase,  
 Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,  
 May not defended bee,  
 Hir sister yet, and she trangrest,  
 Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deferte.  
 Their dedes grewe by disdaine,  
 But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,  
 VVhat wrong foeuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,  
 VVhich kildst thine only child,  
 Phy on the cruel crabbed heart  
 VVhich was not moude with milke.

Phy phy, thou clofe conveydft  
 A fecret il vnfene,  
 Where (good to kepe in councel clofe)  
 Had putrified thy fplene.

Phy on thy fifters fafte,  
 And phy hir felfe doth fting,  
 VVhose lack of tong nere toucht hir fo  
 As when it could not fting.

Phy on vs both faith fhe,  
 The father onely faulted,  
 And we (the father free therewhile)  
 The felly fonne affalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy  
 Is *Jug*, *Jug*, *Jug*, I geffe,  
 That might I leaue to latynifts,  
 By learning to exprefle.

Some commentaries make  
 About it much adoe:  
 If it fhould onely *Iugum* meane  
 Or *Jugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is  
 The *Jug*, fhe iugleth fo,  
 But *Jugulator* is the word  
 That doubleth al hir woe.

For when fhe thinkes thereon,  
 She beares them both in minde,  
 Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,  
 Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faft as furies force  
 Hir thoughts on him to thinke,  
 So faft hir confcience choks hir vp,  
 And wo to wrong doth linke.

## THE COMPLAINT

At last (by griefe constrainde)  
 It boldly breaketh out,  
 And makes the hollow woods to ring  
 VVith *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next most note (to note)  
 I neede no helpe at al,  
 For I my felfe the partie am  
 On whom she then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmefis*  
 And *Nèmefis* am I,  
 The Goddesse of al iust reuenge,  
 VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boft with gold,  
 I beare in my left hande,  
 To holde men backe in rafhest rage,  
 Vntil the caufe be scand.

And fuch as like that bitte  
 And beare it willingly,  
 May scape this scourge in my right hand  
 Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,  
 And fcorne to beare my yoke,  
 Oft times they buy the roft ful deare,  
 It fmelleth of the fmoke.

This is the caufe (fir Squire  
 Quoth she) that *Phylomene*  
 Doth cal fo much vpon my name,  
 She to my lawes doth leane :

She fees a iust reuenge.  
 Of that which she hath done,  
 Constrainde to vse the day for night,  
 And makes the moone hir funne.

Ne can she now complaine,  
(Although she lost hir tong)  
For since that time, ne yet before,  
No byrde so swetely foong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,  
To countervaile hir woe,  
I sat on bench in heauen my selfe  
VVhen it was graunted so.

And though hir foe be fledde,  
But whither knows not she,  
And like hir selfe transformed eke  
A felly byrde to bee :

On him this sharpe reuenge  
The Gods and I did take,  
He neither can beholde his brats,  
Nor is belovde of make.

As foone as coles of kinde  
Haue warmed him to do  
The felly shift of dewties dole  
VVhich him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,  
And flieth farre him fro,  
And close conueis hir eggs from him,  
As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath hatcht,  
Hir little yong ones runne,  
For feare their dame should serue them este,  
As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields  
The furious father flies,  
To seke his sonne, and filles the ayre  
VVith loude lamenting cries.

This lothfome life he leads  
 By our almightie dome,  
 And thus sings she, where company  
 But very feldome come.

Now left my faithful tale  
 For fable should be taken,  
 And therevpon my curtesie,  
 By thee might be forsaken :

Remember al my words,  
 And beare them wel in minde,  
 And make thereof a metaphore,  
 So shalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and pastime,  
 In al that I thee tel :  
 I knowe thy skil wil ferue therto,  
 And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) she slong so fast  
 away,  
 That scarce I could, hir seemely shaddowe see.  
 At last : my staffe (which was mine onely stay)  
 Did flippe, and I, must needes awaked be,  
 Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,  
 For willingly I could my selfe content,  
 Seuen dayes to sleepe for *Philomela's* sake,  
 So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were spent.  
 But you my Lord which reade this ragged verse,  
 Forgiue the faults of my so sleepy muse,  
 Let me the heaft of *Nemesis* rehearse,

The au-  
 thor conti-  
 nevveth  
 his dis-  
 course and  
 concludeth.

For sure I fee, much fenfe therof enfues.  
 I feeme to fee (my Lord) that lechers luft,  
 Procures the plague, and vengauce of the higheft,  
 I may not fay, but God is good and iuft,  
 Although he fcouge the furdeft for the nigheft :  
 The fathers fault lights sometime on the fonne,  
 Yea foure difcents it beares the burden ftill,  
 Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)  
 That dole fteppes in and wieldes the world at wil.  
 O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,  
 The beft is bad that lights on lechery  
 And (al wel weyed) he fits in Fortunes lappe,  
 Which feelles no sharper fcouge than beggery.  
 You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,  
 Which vfe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,  
 Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,  
 Which bewtie force, to loofe what bountie bindes :  
 Thinke on the fcouge that *Nemefis* doth beare,  
 Remember this, that God (although he winke)  
 Doth fee al finnes that euer fecret were.  
 (*Væ vobis*) then which ftill in finne do finke.  
 Gods mercy lends you brydles for defire,  
 Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,  
 The flefh may spurre to euerlafting fire,  
 But sure, that horfe which tyreth like a roile,  
 And lothes the grieve of his forgalded fides,  
 Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte  
 Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,  
 But huntet for finne in euery hil and holte.  
 He which is fingle, let him fpare to fpil  
 The flowre of force, which makes a famous man :  
 Left when he comes to matrimonies will,  
 His fynest graine be burnt, and ful of branne.  
 He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,  
 Be wel content with that which may fuffyfe,  
 And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife  
 Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies :  
 For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* fhee,  
 Were fo transformde into a fethered foule,

Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,  
 Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,  
 And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,  
 Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.  
 Yea surely some, the best of al the broode  
 (If they had might) with furious force would kil.  
 But force them not, whose force is not to force.  
 And way their words as blasts of blustering winde,  
 VVhich comes ful calme, when stormes are past by  
 course :

Yet God about that can both lose and bynde,  
 VVil not so soone appeased be therefore,  
 He makes the male, of female to be hated,  
 He makes the fire go fighting wondrous fore,  
 Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.  
 I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning fires,  
 Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.  
 But plagude (be like) by fathers foule desires  
 Do gadde a broode, and lacke the guide of grace.  
 Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,  
 And howles and cries to see his children stray,  
 Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought  
 Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.  
 Thus men (my Lórd) be *Metamorphosed*,  
 From seemely shap, to byrds, and ougly beastes :  
 Yea brauest dames, (if they amisse once tredde)  
 Finde bitter fauce, for al their pleasant feasts.  
 They must in fine condemned be to dwell  
 In thickes vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,  
 Vntil at last, (if they can *bryde it wel*)  
 They may *chop chalke*, and take some better trade.  
 Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,  
 Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat  
 To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.  
 The lawfull loue is best, and I like that.  
 Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,  
 To leape againe, beyond my lawfull reache,  
 (I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,  
 At bewties blafe : for such a wilful breache,



Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,  
To fay (*George*) thinke on *Philomelâs* song.

## *FINIS.*

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

AND thus my very good L. may se how coblerlike I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole, beginning this complainte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562, continuing it a little further in Aprill. 1575 and now thus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto your good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more than I can deferue. And yet rest

*Your Lordships bownden  
and assured.*





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MUIR AND FATERSON, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.



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